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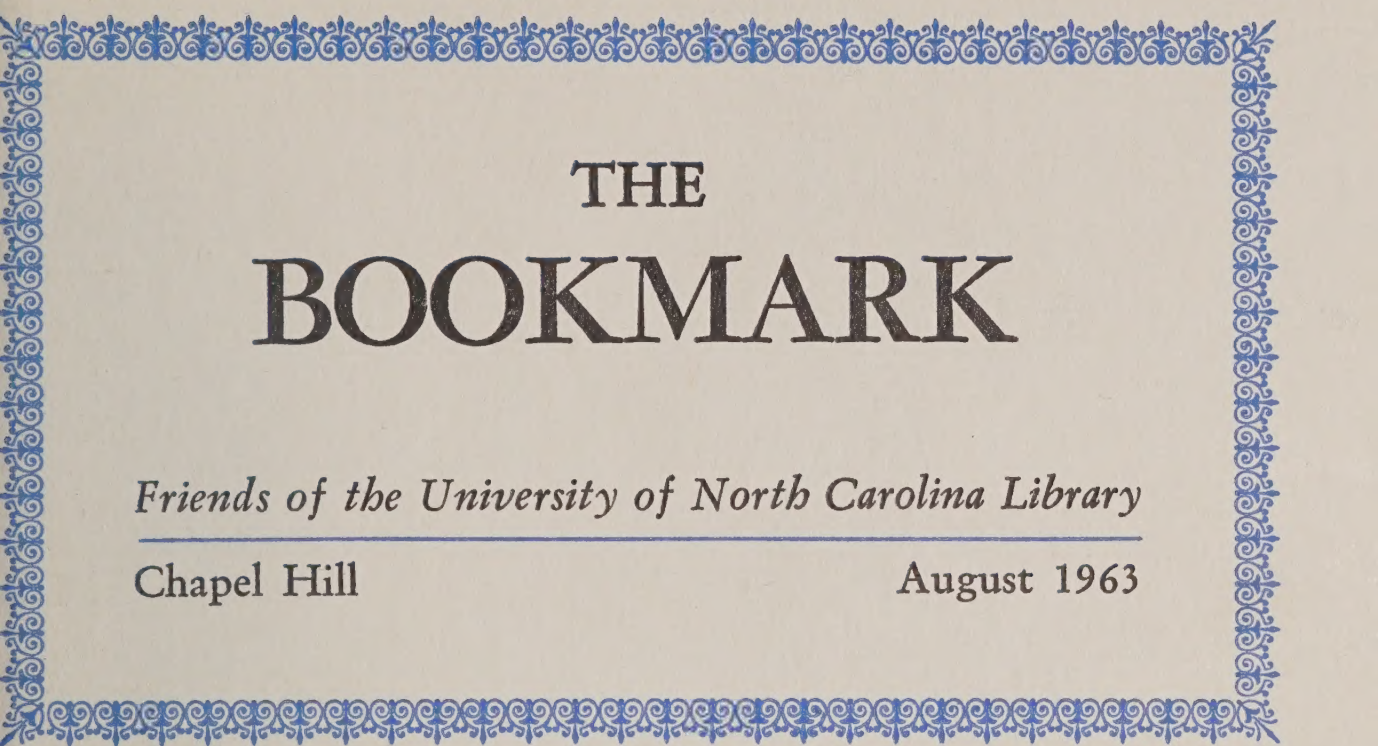












# THE BOOKMARK

*Friends of the University of North Carolina Library*

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Chapel Hill

August 1963



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# Adventures in Book Collecting

by

C. WALLER BARRETT

Mr. Chairman, it is difficult for me to express adequately the pleasure and satisfaction I felt at being invited to address you at this annual meeting of the Friends of the Library. When Mr. Orne first spoke to me, I called his attention to my background as an alumnus of the University of Virginia. He was thoroughly familiar with the situation and did not even require my assurance that I would refrain from any surreptitious scouting for the Virginia football team. Perhaps he thought that the superiority at Chapel Hill was too marked to admit fear of amateur sleuthing.

For me it is a stimulating experience to be present at a meeting of the Friends of a great Library. During my collecting career I have been asked to speak at a number of these meetings and I have almost always enjoyed communing with such an audience. I say "almost always" because I remember an incident at the annual gathering of the friends of the public library in a populous city. I finished my address and as the polite sounds of applause died away, I was approached by the earnest lady in charge of the arrangements for the evening. She proffered me an envelope and when I asked what it contained, she told me that it was my honorarium for speaking. I opened the envelope and found therein a check for \$100. Here I committed a rather unfortunate error. Without reflecting sufficiently, I said that I was most pleased by their generosity but that since I had not expected a fee, would it be proper for me to offer the sum as a contribution to the treasury of their organization? The good lady looked blank for a moment and then exclaimed with radiant inspiration, "Oh! Yes indeed, and I know just what we'll do with it. We shall start a fund so that we can get better speakers."

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Be that as it may, I am delighted to be here with you tonight and, as an unofficial representative of the University of Virginia Library, I am happy to join hands with you on the southern side of William Byrd of Westover's Dividing Line. Now there is bound to be a certain amount of competition in almost every activity in life, even among university libraries. But, let me add quickly, this particular kind of competition is wholesome and constructive and, in my experience, usually accompanied by genuine good will and scholarly cooperation. Those interested in the welfare of libraries seem to be citizens of a republic which has no fixed boundaries, either physical or metaphysical, the republic of letters. You may feel certain that librarians, scholars, collectors everywhere rejoice at the great strides your library in Chapel Hill has made. I have had the privilege of seeing the plans for the projected undergraduate library building and the new rare book library to be located on each side of the present building. Projects of this kind are inspiring to the entire fraternity of bookmen. I cherish the hope of being on hand when these new facilities are completed and dedicated, and in order to be certain of an invitation I am enrolling in the Friends of the Library.

Now I must admit to a few twinges of envy when I reflect on the many firsts that North Carolina can justly lay claim to. After all, Roanoke Island was colonized before Jamestown; the Mecklenburg resolutions preceded Thomas Jefferson's Declaration of Independence; the University of North Carolina was the first state university, and its library the first state university library; and last but not least, Edwin Anderson Alderman was President of the University of North Carolina before he came to the University of Virginia as its first President.

I think all of these firsts explain something about North Carolina that has impressed me over the years, that is its spirit of enterprise and its zeal for genuine progress. Aside from bringing about a great development in commerce and industry, these positive virtues have fostered a dedication to the improvement of education and a devotion to cultural attainments which, among other things, produced important contributions to American letters as exemplified by the writings of Thomas Wolfe, the novels of James Boyd and the plays of Paul Green. Travelling down here, I was reminded of John Lawson, Gent., of London who, at the grand Jubilee at Rome in 1700, acci-

dentally met with a widely travelled gentleman who advised him that Carolina was the best country he could go to. Accordingly, Lawson took passage on a ship in the Thames and began a trip which was to culminate in a thousand mile journey through northern Carolina. He wrote, "the merchants of Carolina are Fair, Frank Traders . .

"The gentlemen seated in the country are very courteous, live very nobly in their Houses, and give very Genteel entertainments to all strangers and others that come to visit them—it is a country, for the most part in her Natural Dress and therefore less vitiated with Fraud and Luxury. A Country, whose Inhabitants may enjoy a Life of the Greatest Ease, and Satisfaction, and pass away their Hours in solid Contentment."

The sincerity of Lawson's attachment for North Carolina is evidenced by the fact that he returned in 1710 and became surveyor-general for the colony. Later a Philadelphian came to North Carolina and wrote here the first American tragedy, *The Prince of Parthia*. What he felt about the state was expressed in a poem.

*O come to Masonborough's grove,  
Ye Nymphs and Swains away  
Where blooming Innocence and Love,  
And Pleasure crown the day.  
  
Here dwels the Muse, here her bright Seat,  
Erects the lovely Maid,  
From Noise and Show, a blest retreat,  
She seeks the sylvan shade.*

Then a Scotchwoman, Janet Schaw, arrived on the scene in 1775, and described North Carolina as, "this Noble Country which indeed owes more favors to its God and King than perhaps any other in the known world, a region, possessed of every gift of nature"—and in her view all marred by—"a most disgusting equality."

I think I prefer straight nostalgia such as that expressed by Miss Sarah J. C. Whittlesley, author of *Heart Drops from Memory's Urn*. This North Carolina poet had moved to Alexandria, Virginia where she composed this lyric:



*And I long to go back to the beautiful days  
Of my beautiful South;  
I'm weary of waiting, and wrathful days,  
And of woe's wide mouth!  
Sweet, sweet Carolina! I'm yearning for thee,  
Dear love of life's morn;  
None other can ever be Home to me—  
Home where I was born.*

Yes, it is a privilege and a pleasure to visit a state that has inspired such love in its natives, has elicited such favorable comment from visitors and by its achievements, has made all Southerners proud of it.

Mr. Orne suggested to me that you might be interested in some of my experiences as a book collector. He was taking quite a chance—a collector is a rather dangerous individual when you give him *carte blanche* to speak about his possessions and his exploits. Drunkards and drug addicts are often asked how they started on the downward path. If such a query were put to me I could only say that I did not dream that a simple misstep such as buying a first edition in a downtown New York shop could possibly lead to a pursuit which has resulted in a mountainous accumulation of nearly 250,000 first editions, manuscripts and autograph letters of American writers as well as such memorabilia as medals, photographs, paintings, and, God save the mark! bronze busts.

I don't want to sign an affidavit as to the exactness of the figure of a quarter of a million. It is not even my estimate but that of my secretary and one or two others who have worked on the material. I do know that the productions of some 1,000 American writers, all of some importance artistically or historically, are in the collection, and I recall that one author, Richard Harding Davis, a glamorous figure in his time, is represented by some 5,000 items including 4,000 autograph letters, mostly to his mother. Davis, a roving reporter, nearly always away from home, was well paid for his words, and it was therefore a touching tribute to Rebecca Harding Davis, an accomplished writer herself, that he found time to write her these thousands of letters.

Why I took the path that led to this incessant quest I can't honestly answer. When I reflect on the beginnings I always think of Robert Frost's poem:

*Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—  
I took the road less travelled by,  
And that has made all the difference.*

I must admit that I came from a family of book-lovers. My two grandfathers were Episcopalian rectors and both gathered large libraries. But when they were divided up among large numbers of children and grandchildren, precious few volumes came my way. I take comfort in what Augustine Birrell wrote: "Good as it is to inherit a library, it is better to collect one."

In my field, American Literature, two books and two writers stand out in "early" examples: *The Power of Sympathy*, the first American novel by William Hill Brown, and *Charlotte Temple*, the first American "best seller," by Susannah Haswell Rowson. One day I walked into the well-appointed rare-book department of an uptown bookstore and mentioned something of my collecting plans. The prompt response was, "You must have a copy of the first American novel." "Oh, you mean *The Power of Sympathy*," I said with newly acquired sophistication. "Exactly. Here's a perfect copy in contemporary calf, two volumes." I quickly divined that "perfect" was not synonymous with "immaculate" but simply meant "complete." I suppressed a gasp at the price of \$400 and succumbed. A year or two later another bookseller invaded the Wall Street environs and showed me the only known "uncut copy in original boards"—the price \$1,000. We now had two copies and were getting along. But wait! Until 1878 this book was believed to have been written by Sarah Wentworth Morton and to be a fictional account of a period in her life during which her husband, Perez Morton, seduced her own sister then living in the Morton household. This was all quite factual—the illegitimate baby was born and died and the sister committed suicide. In 1878 strong evidence came to light that the novel was the work of William Hill Brown of Boston, written at the age of 24. In 1950 a Boston book dealer turned up a copy presented by the author Brown to a friend. The chain of evidence was now complete and I was poorer by considerably more than \$1,000, but still everlastingly grateful to my friend the Boston dealer. I believed I had finished with *The Power of Sympathy*, but the end was not yet. In October 1960 a copy came up for auction at the Swann Galleries in New York, rebound, two volumes in one, but with the frontispiece plate unsigned and



containing a letter from Brown's niece certifying that he was the author. My bid was successful at \$400. As for prices, I was right back where I started. Incidentally, William Hill Brown, the author of *The Power of Sympathy*, left Boston and spent his last days in North Carolina.

The collector's work is never done. And the same thing goes for the librarians. New documents come to light, new issues of books are discovered. To perform its finest service, a library must be a living and growing organism. Never can the collector and librarian join hands on a plateau of the printed works and manuscripts of an author and say, "This is it. This is complete." The day after a bibliography is published it is obsolete. The day after the library ceases to grow it begins to die.

Then I remember poor Charlotte, victim of a British officer's perfidy, (she lies buried in Trinity Churchyard in New York), heroine of our famous first "best seller," *Charlotte Temple*, which ran to one hundred and fifty or more editions and is still in print. It was war-time 1943 and I was in Washington on government affairs. I should have been working on shipping schedules but the Frank Hogan sale catalogue was before me with an illustration of the first edition, Philadelphia 1794, one of two or three copies in private hands. A call to a New York bookseller, a flexible bid, and the prize was mine for \$900. But it is not a first edition—a notice printed there refers to a London review of 1791. It is conceivable but hardly likely that a book would be reviewed before it was printed; however, no copy of the 1791 edition was known. Twelve years later the members of the International League of Antiquarian Bookmen were converging on New York for their first meeting in the United States. A well-known English dealer placed a small two-volume novel in his overcoat pocket as he embarked for New York. The book was to be offered to Harvard. The convention concluded its deliberations and our dealer planned his visit to the Athens of America. A hurricane lashed the New England coast and washed out railroad tracks, caused a suspension of service, and the dealer distrusted planes. Days passed and his sailing for England was imminent. He walked into the establishment of a firm of friendly rare-book dealers. Soon after his departure I was in the inner sanctum of the joint proprietors. They told me of acquiring one of the greatest desiderata of all American literature and asked me to guess its

# CHARLOTTE.

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## A TALE OF TRUTH.

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### IN TWO VOLUMES.

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She was her parent's only joy ;  
They had but one—one darling child.  
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Her form was faultless, and her mind,  
Untainted yet by art,  
Was noble, just, humane, and kind,  
And virtue warm'd her heart.  
But ah ! the cruel spoiler came——

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### VOL. I.

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L O N D O N :  
PRINTED FOR WILLIAM LANE,  
AT THE  
**Minerva,**  
LEADENHALL-STREET.  
M.DCC.XCI.

Title page of S. H. Rowson's *Charlotte* in the 1791 London edition, from the original in the C. W. Barrett Collection at the University of Virginia Library (see page 6)



cap  
The Red Badge of Courage  
An Episode of the American Civil War.  
By Stephen Crane.

~~Copyright 1906 by Stephen Crane~~

The cold passed reluctantly from the earth and the retiring fogs <sup>revealed</sup> an army stretched out on the hills, resting. As the landscape changed from brown to green the army awakened and began to tremble with eagerness at the noise of rumors. It cast its eyes upon the roads which were growing from long ~~long~~ troughs of liquid mud to proper thoroughfares. A river, amber-tinted in the shadow of its banks, purred at the army's feet and at night when the stream had become of a sorrowful blackness one could see across the red eye-like gleam of hostile camp-fires set in the low ~~hills~~ of distant hills.

Once, ~~a certain~~ <sup>a certain</sup> soldier developed virtues and went resolutely to wash a shirt. He came flying back from a brook waving his garment, banner-like. He was swelled with a tale he had heard from a reliable friend who had heard it from a ~~reliable~~ truthful cavalryman who had heard it from his trust-worthy brother, one of the orderlies at division head-quarters. ~~He~~ <sup>He</sup> adopted the important air of a herald in red and gold.

"We're going to move it morrow-sure," he said.



identity. Not in my wildest dreams would I have believed myself about to see *Charlotte*, London 1791. There it lay, the prize, run to earth after a century and a half of searching by dealers, scholars and collectors. By virtue of a cyclone and flood and a serious depletion of the bank account, it was mine.

*Leaves of Grass*, I suppose, is the greatest poetic work produced in our nation. The manuscript used for the printing of the slim first edition of 1855 was apparently destroyed as was that for the fat little second edition of 1856, but the three hundred odd manuscript leaves used for the thicker and larger third edition of 1860 survived. They were in the possession of a merchant in the Fulton fish market in New York. This gentleman, who had inherited them from his brother, a well-known book dealer, prized them highly. He also regarded them as his social security and pension fund. After years of waiting, an inquiry from an elderly lady of Washington, D. C., seemed to presage a realization of his financial hopes. He carried his precious documents to the Capitol and displayed them to the lady, whose laudable intention was to present them to the Library of Congress. The sale price of \$100,000 was verbally agreed upon and our merchant returned to his hotel. His dream was rudely shattered by an item in the morning paper advising of the sudden death of the philanthropically-minded lady. The executors and lawyers were sorry, but no evidence of a transaction existed, and our friend returned sadly to the fish market. He did not live to enjoy the fruits of his carefully preserved literary treasure and it became the principal asset in his estate. With the passage of years his heirs became importunate and the lawyers made a sensible decision to dispose of the manuscript by private auction among interested institutions and collectors. I heard almost casually of the affair and submitted a bid. While at dinner the next night the phone rang and I received the electrifying news that I had been the successful contestant for the greatest of American manuscripts.

As I have now been married to the same patient woman for thirty-nine years, I have had no experience with alimony, but I have benefited by it several times. What is possibly the second greatest American literary manuscript came on the market some years ago, ostensibly to provide funds for alimony payments. I refer to the manuscript of Irving's *Sketch Book*. The high price set at \$35,000 caused it to languish in the vaults of a New York dealer for nearly two years. As it entered its



second December there, the usual month for the scrutiny of inventories, I thought it might be a good idea to drop in for a casual chat. Business was dull, heavy purchases had been made for stock and the front office was audibly uneasy about carrying too many costly items. It seemed that offers would be entertained for the *Sketch Book*. The iron was hot and I struck with a sensible offer which was speedily accepted. The manuscript had one lacuna, the charming essay entitled "The Wife." The gap in the pagination and the rough edges showed where it had been carefully torn out. Several years after the acquisition an excited telephone call came through from a Boston dealer. He had just bought the missing section from an elderly lady. The dealer arrived on the next plane and we had the exquisite pleasure of fitting the pages exactly into the minute stubs from which they had been extracted by Washington Irving himself as attested by his inscription on the back of the last page.

Inventory problems elsewhere brought to the surface the carefully preserved manuscript of Irving's *Knickerbocker's History* and the manuscript of Stephen Crane's *Red Badge of Courage*, which I carried home one New Year's Eve through a blinding snow storm on foot, by subway, by Long Island Railroad and by skidding taxi.

*Cherchez la femme* was the key to another famous Irving manuscript, *Bracebridge Hall*. Strangely enough this came from a jeweler who had unwisely extended too much credit to a bibliophile whose dreams were divided between literary treasures and fair women. I always have had a feeling of great sympathy for the harried collector forced to part with his cherished manuscript to satisfy indebtedness resulting from his addition to other delights. I have always hoped that he received fair value for his supreme sacrifice.

In the vein of alimony, it is no secret that John Steinbeck has been married three times. Carol was his first wife and his note on the manuscript of *The Grapes of Wrath* bestows it on Carol with gentle regret that he has nothing else of value to give. Carol cherished the manuscript for a long time but finally disposed of it in California, whence, after a few narrow escapes, it departed for our shelves in New York. Alimony is said to have played a part in the great sale a few years ago of Robert Frost manuscripts of which we made virtually a clean sweep.

Edward Fitzgerald wondered in English verse what the vintners buy half so precious as what they sell. I shared this feeling when I examined the catalogue of the Walter Chrysler sale in 1954. Here was the opportunity to acquire the copy of Mark Twain's first book, *The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County*, inscribed, "My Mother the dearest friend I ever had and the truest. Mark Twain, New York, May 1, 1867." With this there was the only surviving manuscript of *The Jumping Frog*.

Speaking of Mark Twain, I believe one of the most interesting bibliographical problems in our literature is establishing the characteristics of the first edition of one of our greatest books, *Huckleberry Finn*. I have read a good many essays written on the subject and listened to more. I just don't believe it can be done. One must consider the frontispiece, the table of contents, textual changes, the missing numeral and the different font of type on page 155, and, above all, the various states of page 283, which was mutilated by a printer to get a pornographic effect. What is the poor aspirant for a first edition to do? We solved the problem in a military way. We attacked in force in the center, enveloped the wings and joined our columns in the rear to prevent any escape. The prisoners consist of copies with all textual points and states of the frontispiece, in all publishers' bindings—green cloth, blue cloth, and leather. There are also two early presentation copies. Two of three known examples of the mutilated plate are captive, one in a complete set of page proofs presented to George W. Cable, who was that year on a lecture tour with Mark Twain, and the other in a prospectus. There is another prospectus without the mutilated plate and a presumably unique broadside advance advertisement. Other copies show the four known states without the mutilation. We may not be able to describe the first edition of *Huckleberry Finn*, but we are sure we have one.

A while ago I mentioned the auction sale of Frost manuscripts. I made a colossal blunder at that sale. I let the single surviving copy of *Twilight* go to a Chicago man on a bid of \$3,500, something I was bitterly regretting an hour afterwards. A few years later the successful bidder telephoned me in Chicago where I had gone with Robert Frost to celebrate Poetry Day. On Sunday at midnight the amiable gentleman who owned *Twilight* came to my hotel room bearing with him the precious volume. Parenthetically, let me go back many



years to the time that two copies only of this first book were printed by Robert. The year was 1894, and he provided one copy for himself, and the other for Eleanor White, the future Mrs. Frost. They had graduated together from the Lawrence High School in 1892. She had enrolled in St. Lawrence University. Her parents had admonished her severely to repel the advances of the penniless would-be poet. Robert went to see her at St. Lawrence and she received him so coldly that he departed in deep distress of mind. On his way home he tore up the copy of *Twilight* he had intended to offer her. Many years later a California collector persuaded him to part with the remaining copy and subsequently, as I have related it found its way to Chicago.

I go forward now sixty-one years to Poetry Day in 1957. I received the amiable Chicago gentleman in my hotel room and he promptly produced the unique *Twilight*. Here I made a second blunder. After a few minutes spent examining the book I asked him if he had decided on a price. His face immediately betrayed shocked surprise heightened by indignation. Although the hour was late the visit was intended purely a social one, prompted by the desire to meet and talk with another dedicated Frost collector. My profuse apologies finally restored his equanimity and we spent a delightful hour in conversation; then he carried away his *Twilight*. In January of 1960 Mr. Frost visited me in New York, and in one of his typical asides asked, "What are you doing about *Twilight*?" I explained that it was not for sale, and he said, in Delphic fashion, "Why don't you try again?" The Chicago collector had moved to Arizona. Inquiries were made through a friendly dealer and the answer came back that he wouldn't sell *Twilight* but might sell his whole Frost collection. Negotiations by telephone followed, with me in a state of mounting anxiety, sitting by the dealer, and the collector still in a state of indecision. Finally, the collector made a firm decision to sell but said that others should be given an opportunity to buy, in particular a dealer presumably representing a large and opulent university. Fortunately he coupled this remark with the assertion that he wouldn't do anything without Mr. Frost's approval. This gave us an opportunity to play our trump card—the entire collection would be joined with ours and would go promptly to the University of Virginia with Mr. Frost's complete approval. In April of 1960 when the wing provided in the Alderman

## TWILIGHT

Why am I first in thy so sad regard,  
O twilight gazing from I know not  
where?

I fear myself as one more than I guessed!  
Am I instead of one so very fair?—  
That thou art sorrowful and I oppressed?

High in the isolating air,  
Over the inattentive moon,  
Two birds sail on great wings,  
And vanish soon.

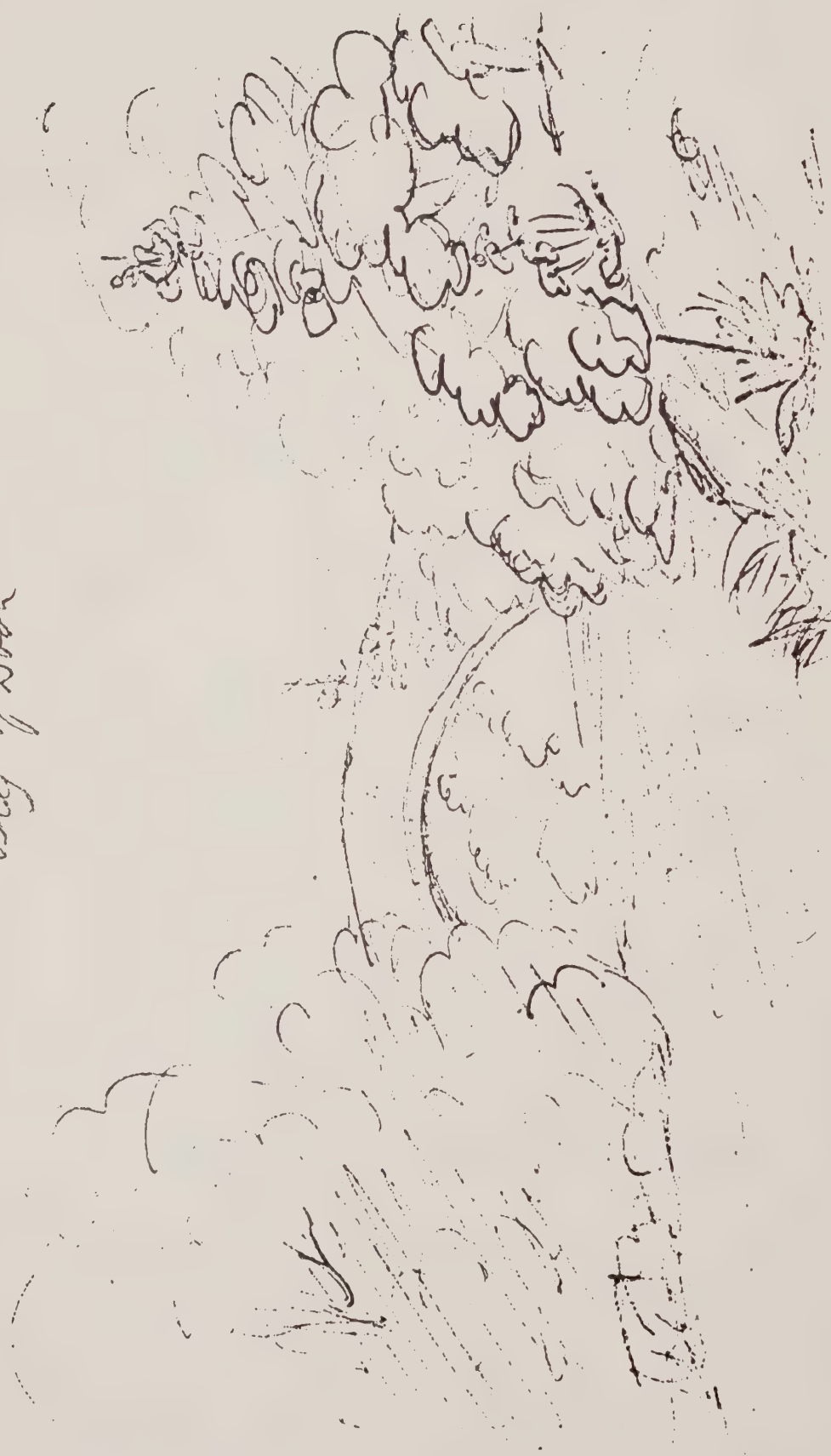
(And they leave the north sky bare!)

The far-felt solitudes that harbor night,  
Wake to the singing of the wood-bird's  
fright.

By invocation, O wide silentness,  
Thy spirit and my spirit pass in air!  
They are unmemoried consciousness,  
Nor great nor less!  
And thou art here and I am everywhere!



Bridge of Doon



THE BRIDGE OF DOON, pencil sketch by Washington Irving  
in his notebook used on a tour through Scotland in 1817  
(see page 19)

Library for our collection of American Literature was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies, one of the high spots of the occasion was the sight of the silvery head of America's great poet bent down to contemplate his little production of sixty-six years before.

I have related to you a few of the incidents which occurred during the building of this American Library, but I must point out that in a stretch of a thousand weeks one cannot expect drama every week. And, after all, the really useful library does not consist of high spots alone. There must be a solid underpinning. I think that there is something ultimately depressing about an assemblage of major literary works propped up in an institution without the firm support of the thousands of volumes that establish the milieu in which they were produced. When we gaze at the glittering peaks of a mountain range we are conscious that they would not exist without the thousands of feet of rock and soil beneath them. A library, too, must have the greatest possible depth. It must seek the supporting material, the critical works, the commentaries, the biographies that surround and support the great masterpieces and help to make them significant.

Inevitably, therefore, this work of fleshing out the 185 years of our literature necessitated long stretches when the mills of acquisition ground steadily and without remarkable incident. But one always sensed that around the corner a thrill was building up, and one was seldom disappointed.

When I was in California in the fall of 1961 a lady arrived at my hotel with the news that she possessed and was ready to dispose of 53 letters written by Robert Frost to her mother and father over a period of some forty years. These letters, which have never been published and in fact have only been seen by one or two American literature scholars cover, in a most exciting way, the development of Robert Frost as a poet. A year or so before, who should turn up but the niece of Stephen Crane with a sheaf of his manuscripts, some of which were completely unknown. Last but not least, at an auction sale at the Parke-Bernet Galleries, December 1961, materialized the opportunity to acquire the first manuscript of Tennessee Williams to be sold at auction. This was the manuscript of that beautiful and touching auto-biographical play *The Glass Menagerie*, which will surely take its place as one of the masterpieces of the modern American theater.



## The Annual Meeting

The Friends of the Library held their annual meeting at the Carolina Inn on Friday, May 3, 1963. The dinner session was highlighted by Mr. C. Waller Barrett's address which appears on the preceding pages. Dean James L. Godfrey introduced the speaker with these remarks:

To have been born in Virginia and to have gone to the University at Charlottesville is somewhat like having a double scotch. Whatever it was that one would have done for you, the extra portion strengthens and multiplies. Our speaker enjoyed this heightened effect as he moved on into a business life devoted to shipping, especially the movement of cargoes to South America. At the same time, he became immersed in cultural activities that must have commanded much of his time and energies. His name was associated with some of our most venerable societies in history and the antiquities, in literature and the performing arts. His involvement was by no means nominal, and from time to time a published article or an address marked well his involvement in, and his real concern for, the arts and things of artistic significance. Very few persons could have combined so effectively this double interest in business and culture with such a high level of commitment in both instances.

All of this would have made us aware of the achievements of our speaker and appreciative of the discrimination and taste which have been so characteristic of his work and leisure. But to all of this, he has added a crowning accomplishment that opens our hearts to him. During the past quarter century he has with great energy and cultivated judgment brought together one of the truly magnificent collections of American literature. Books, pamphlets and manuscript pieces have been carefully sought and fitted into a collection that for depth and completeness may be a unique tribute to the efforts of a single individual. Still growing by current additions as they become available, the collection has passed the quarter million mark in the number of items it contains. One is left not only to wonder at this rare combination of love of literature, skill in collecting, and means for literary gratification, but to applaud in deepest appreciation the generous spirit that led such a collector to give this treasure to that University that had the

good fortune to nourish in him as a youth the veneration for good learning and good works.

To love books makes you a welcome fellow in this company; to endow libraries makes you a prince among fellows and a delight to behold and to hear.

## Chairman's Report

A warm welcome to the thirty-first annual meeting of the Friends of the Library. Started in the height of the great depression, which hit this University and especially its Library harder than almost any other institution in the country, this society is today as much of a necessity as ever. Though the Library still suffers from the lack of nourishment caused by the starvation diet of thirty years ago, the support of the Friends is no longer needed for the acquisition of the general run of books necessary for the departments and schools of the University. The administration of the University and the Legislature have been generous in meeting our needs. Two years ago the Library celebrated the acquisition of its millionth volume. Last year the Library budget reached and passed the million dollar mark. In this respect we are now among the top twenty-five libraries of the country. We took this in stride with no special celebration. We expect continued support on even higher levels as the University grows in size.

We believe that our chances for an appropriation for an undergraduate library building are exceptionally good this year. Hope springs eternal—.

What we now need is help in acquiring unusual and rare items, both printed books and manuscripts, useful for research. We welcome either gifts of such items or money to purchase them. The reports before you indicate some of the gifts that have been received. The names of the donors are familiar: the Hanes family, Archibald Henderson, Preston Davie, William Jacocks, and many others. Not mentioned in the report are the unpublished manuscripts of William Meade Prince, together with a large collection of books, given by Mrs. Prince. Mrs. James Boyd, who is present tonight, is building up a collection of her husband's papers in our library.



The next step is the raising of funds for a building to house the manuscript room, the Rare Book Room, and the North Carolina collection. We are finally off to a good start. James G. Hanes, and with his son Gordon, have established a trust fund for the benefit of this building. Jim Hanes has agreed to serve as chairman of the drive to raise the rest of the money required. That can mean only one thing, that the funds will soon become available and our Librarian's dream will become reality.

B. L. ULLMAN, *Chairman*

# Report of the Secretary

Ten days ago, while enjoying another annual Friends of the Library meeting at a neighboring university, I noticed that my distinguished counterpart in their association was barely included in the proceedings. He is a man of excellent judgment, and it is my intent to follow his example.

Among the few duties incumbent upon me at this time is to convey to you the expressions of good will from many of our loyal members who for one reason or another are not able to be with us tonight. Governor Sanford, President Friday, Mr. Edwin Gill, Jonathan Daniels, Preston Davie, William Rand Kenan, Jr., Dr. Joseph E. Pogue are some of those who have asked to be remembered.

Each year we mark the passage of time in reporting the loss of old and true friends who cannot come back again. This year we note the loss of Miss Bessie Terry, Mrs. Benjamin F. Bernard, Dr. George B. Cutten, Mr. W. G. Clark, Sr., Mr. Haywood Duke, Mr. Fred L. Huffman, Mr. T. M. Price, and Mrs. William Wells.

Let me not dwell on the past too long, but speak to only one point for the future. You, of all people, are most aware of what Friends of the Library can and *do* do. You will be hearing tonight from an outstanding example of Library Friends. I should like to emphasize briefly the significance of your place in our future. The Library you love so well is honored and given utmost consideration by our administration. It has strong support from all standard sources. Its distinction, however, has been and must be dependent upon your kind.

It is only through Friends of the Library, both directly and indirectly, that the most distinguished characteristics of a Library are found. As the University Librarian, blessed with the privilege of working with you in this purpose, I am constantly aware of your presence, not only here at an annual meeting, but in my daily work as well. Your devotion is deeply appreciated by all of us who seek to please you in our management of the wonders you bring to us. I speak for the whole staff in giving you our thanks.

Instead of giving you a detailed report of our member-



ship statistics, let me close by telling you that we have recently acquired our youngest member, a young man of less than two years, grandson of an older, respected member. If evidence of youth and vigor were needed, here it is.

JERROLD ORNE, *Secretary*

# Report of the Nominating Committee

The Nominating Committee of the Friends of the Library submits the names of the following members to be officers for 1963-64:

<i>Chairman</i>	Frank Borden Hanes
<i>Vice-Chairman</i>	Joseph E. Pogue*
<i>Secretary</i>	Jerrold Orne
<i>Treasurer</i>	J. A. Branch
<i>Honorary Chairman</i>	James G. Hanes
<i>Honorary Secretary</i>	Mrs. Lyman A. Cotton
<i>Member of the Executive Committee</i>	W. Leon Wiley

Upon the recommendation of the Executive Committee, Gordon Hanes is nominated for Life Membership for his very generous contribution to the Library.

\*For a three-year term, replacing Bowman Gray. Beginning in 1962 the three vice chairmen are elected for staggered terms. The other vice chairmen are Preston Davie and George Watts Hill, whose terms expire in 1964 and 1965, respectively.

J. OSLER BAILEY  
GEORGE V. TAYLOR  
JAMES W. PATTON, *Chairman*



# Noteworthy Gifts

1962-1963

During the past year the Library has continued to benefit greatly from the generous gifts of the Friends of the Library. This list does not pretend to be complete, but is only a sampling of the most representative gifts.

The Hanes family has added a number of important titles to our collection of incunabula. Among these are: *Commentariorum grammaticorum de orthographia dictionum e Graecis tractarum opus*, by Johannes Tortellius. Rome, Ulrich Han and Simon Nicolai Chardella de Lucca, 1471. This is a work on the Greek and Latin languages with an extensive dictionary of Latin words derived from Greek and notes on spelling. Our copy is from the first printing of this work, which was subsequently reprinted many times.

*Sophologium sapientiae*, by Jacobus Magni (Jacques LeGrand). Paris, Felix Baligault, 1498. *De lepra morali*, by Johannes Nider. Paris, Jean Bonhomme, 1490. *Manuale confessorum*, by Johannes Nider. Paris, Jean Bonhomme, 1489. These three titles are bound together. The most significant of them is the LeGrand work, which is a compendium of knowledge.

*Flos testamentorum*, by Rolandinus Rudolphinus de Passageriis. Venice, Johann Hamman, 1489. This is one of the standard notarial manuals, used in Italy. Its author was Dean of Notaries at Bologna some time in the thirteenth century. He died about 1300.

*Epistolarum liber primus*, by Francesco Philelphus. Basle, Johann Amerbach, ca. 1496. A group of letters of linguistic and literary interest, a few dealing with educational matters.

*Epistolare*, by Giovanni Mario Philelphus. Basle, Johann Amerbach, 1495. A collection of letters on philology with a tract on the art of rhetoric.

Also included in the Hanes gifts for this year is *A Descriptive Bibliography of the Books Printed at the Ashendene Press, 1895-1935*. This book was printed by the Ashendene Press under the direction of the great printer C. H. St. John Hornby, in an edition of 300 copies. This is copy 2. It is a fine example of beautiful printing by one of the best of the private presses.

tacere satius putans: q̄ parum dicere. Id tantū summam tibi nō  
possum nō persuadere: ut semper ex bonis meliora: & ex melioribus  
optima elligas. ueteraq; tibi placeant magis q̄ noua. Vetera præce-  
ptoribus ducibus discas. Noua autem & quæras. & lectites cū tuo-  
pte ingenio atq; prudentia poteris de iis iudicare. Omnia denique:  
quæ discis ac legis pares ad uitam beatam: quam in primis efficit ue-  
rus dei cultus. Iusticia. Innocentia. Veritas. & cū his omnis pulcher-  
rima & admirabilis turba uirtutum: quibus ut semper inseruias. ti-  
bi sit ubiq; propicius illarum effector & doctor Iesus christus opti-  
mus maximus: sine quo Superbiæ aut demetiæ obnoxiū ē quicq;  
molitur & tentat humana cupiditas. Hæc sunt fili: quæ ut ad te scri-  
berem mihi primum in mentem. digitosq; uenere. Tu te uero his nō  
aquietens potiora scrutabere: quod ut facias & hortor & rogo. Ge-  
nerosis tamen & dulcissimis adolescentibus fratribus & patruelibus  
tuis. & præsertim Sigismundo filio mihi carissimo: qui adhuc pue-  
riciam agens signum ingentis probitatis & spem futuri Oratoris su-  
stulisse uidetur: hanc nostram communem epistolam facies. Clarissi-  
mis uero & optimis parentibus ac patruis tuis me totum trades &  
commendabis: quorum memoriam præsertim inter orandum fide-  
liter seruo. Vale mi fili & summæ spei Adolescens. Mantuæ ex sanc-  
to Vito. Idibus Augustis: MCCCCLXXV.

Impræssum Mantuæ per Vincentium Bertochum Regiensem.  
Anno a natiuitate Domini nostri Iesu Christi MCCCCLXXXX  
VIII. Quarto idus Nouembr. Inclyto & excelso Principe Francisco  
Gözaga. IIII. Marchione. Domini Mabenas Joeliciter Gubernâte.



ensuing three months.  
 Resolved, That Messrs L. Davis, J. Becket, Thos  
 Davies, Baldwin, Griffiths —  
 Resolved, that the next Committee Meeting be  
 held at the Kings Head in Middle Row  
 Holbourne —————  
 D. Gernick  
 G. Colman  
 Henry Baldwin  
 Wm Jackson  
 Baldwin  
 Bonnell Thornton  
 Lockyer Davis  
 Billy Griffiths  
 Thomas Davies  
 Chris C. Henderson  
 Robt Davis  
 Thos Becket

Specimen page from the St. James's Chronicle minute books  
 (see pages 20-24)

From a fund donated to the library by the late Mr. Dannie H. Heineman the Rare Book Collection has acquired an important title: *Familiares et secundae epistolae*, by Matthaeus Bossus. Mantua, Vimcentius Berthocus, 1498.

The most recent addition to the Archibald Henderson Collection of Bernard Shaw contains 63 manuscript items and 93 miscellaneous books. The manuscripts include letters and cards to Archibald Henderson from Shaw, and the books include translations of Shaw's works into many foreign languages.

Mr. Preston Davie has made important additions to his past gifts to the Rare Book Collection. Among these are the unique manuscript notebooks of Washington Irving's "Tour in Scotland in 1817," a first edition of the *Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*, a beautifully bound and illustrated copy of *The Seasons*, by James Thomson, and F. Dassié's *Description Générale des Costes de l'Amérique*, Rouen, 1677.

Dr. William P. Jacocks has presented, among other gifts, first editions, inscribed, of *Gone With The Wind*, by Margaret Mitchell, and *Anthony Adverse*, by Hervey Allen.

Dr. James B. Bullitt has given fourteen volumes of *Publications* of the Mississippi Historical Society, and a large collection of miscellaneous books and periodicals.

Miss Mary Cobb has donated to the Geology Library an extensive collection of books, pamphlets, maps and pictures relevant to the fields of geology and geography.

Among a miscellaneous collection including several valuable sets, Messrs. Bowman and Gordon Gray have given the *Oeuvres Completes de J. J. Rousseau*, Paris, 1788, in 37 volumes.

Dean C. P. Spruill has presented three photographs of Thomas Wolfe taken in Wolfe's undergraduate days.

Mr. Fred Wolfe has given fifteen letters written to Mrs. Julia Wolfe at the time of Thomas Wolfe's final illness.

Dr. Russell D. Lyday of Greensboro has presented to the Health Affairs Library several long runs of surgical journals.



## Whitaker Fund Acquisitions

While he was alive William Asbury Whitaker was for many years a very active and generous Friend of the Library. However, his death which occurred in 1960 did not signify the end of his benefactions. Under the terms of his will, the Library continues to receive each year substantial sums of money primarily to be used for the strengthening of our collections in English and American literature. Thus, literally thousands of books bearing the Whitaker bookplate are being added each year to others already on our shelves. All these items are significant, a good number of them rare and of special interest. Only three items which are of an altogether unusual nature, shall be described here in some detail. They are: the original minute books of the *St. James's Chronicle* in London for the time from 1761 to 1815; a sizable group of letters and other manuscript materials of George Bernard Shaw; a collection of detective stories numbering more than 3500 items.

The three manuscript minute books of the *St. James's Chronicle* with their more than 800 quarto pages represent a unique find which is of the greatest importance to researchers in the field of eighteenth-century British journalism. Despite the survival in the Burney Collection and elsewhere of countless thousands of issues of early newspapers, our knowledge of how they were put together, printed, and financed is still pitifully meager. The earliest inkling we have comes out obliquely in *The Case between the Proprietors of News-Papers, and the Subscribing Coffee-Men, fairly stated*, 1729. But the first hard evidence dates from nineteen years later, being a copy of a contract drawn up in December 1748 by the proprietors of *The Gazeteer*. (B.M. Add. MSS. 38729, fols. 126-7). This, according to Morison (*The English Newspaper*, p. 145), must rank as the earliest known "direct documentary evidence . . . of the application of the joint stock principle to the establishment and control of a newspaper." Its value, unfortunately, is diminished because it is merely a copy and fails to give the names of the signatories. In November 1753, however, the proprietors rearranged themselves, and the contract on this occasion (*ib*, fols. 128-9) has survived in the original. (It includes, incidentally, the name of Lockyer Davis—one of the signatories to our *Chronicle* Agreement). So much for early evidence of the set-up; valuable indeed, but scanty.

For details of its actual working in practice, scholars have had to wait until 1765, when a surviving run of the monthly accounts of *The Public Advertiser* begins; it lasts however only for six years and so takes in only a comparatively narrow sweep of a newspaper's inevitably chequered career. (B.M. Add. MSS. 38169). Beyond this, a few scattered Accounts and Minute Books of other 18th century papers have survived, but all are sparse and fragmentary at best, and none bears an earlier date than 1770.

Against this background the importance of our find can well be seen. It offers not only the earliest known detailed information on the running of an English newspaper, but also—and for the first time—a full survey of its establishment, financing, editorial ordering, and many vicissitudes over a period of fifty-four years without a break. Such a survey of any eighteenth century newspaper would be invaluable; what adds to the importance of this is that *The St. James's Chronicle* is one of the brightest and best known of them all, with a list of proprietors (and contributors) glittering with important names. Boswell contributed to its pages many times, and it was in them that Mrs. Thrale made a celebrated attack on him. Bonnell Thornton and George Colman were among its earliest "staff" writers, though it is not true to say (as does the *Dictionary of National Biography*) that the paper was started by Thornton, Colman, and Garrick. The full text of the "Articles of Agreement," running to more than twenty pages, clears up this and other points previously unknown or incorrectly reported, and makes plain that the genesis of the paper was the purchase by Henry Baldwin from William Rayner of "the sole property and right of printing three certain News Papers, entitled the *St. James's Evening Post* or *Brittish Gazette*; the *London Spy*; the *Reid's* [sic] *Weekly Journal* . . ." Baldwin, who was to be the new printer, divided the property into twenty shares of 5 pounds each, and it was decided by the partners to drop the *St. James's Evening Post* (this gives the exact terminal date for its long career—previously unknown) and to replace it by a new paper, the *St. James's Chronicle*, or *British Evening Post*. Meanwhile *The London Spy* (a paper of which hardly anything has been known up to now) and *Read's Weekly Journal* were altered in format and combined as Baldwin's *London Journal*, or *Weekly Chronicle*. (The progress or otherwise, of the *Journal* is likewise recorded in the Minutes, but it



never made much money and clearly was a mere hack companion for its livelier stable mate, the *Chronicle*). Already it will be obvious to anyone versed in the history of newspapers and journalism that, at almost every turn of these Minute Books, new information leaps to hand. Of particular interest are the paper's financial vagaries. It lost money at first, and further calls were made on the partners. Then came a steady rise, and when Bonnell Thornton died in 1768, 500 pounds was paid for the two shares he held. The paper was then making a profit of about 130 pounds a month. Later the figures rose higher, only to fall with the years.

What seems clear is that (although Colman, Steevens, and Thornton all took a hand in the writing) the paper's success was largely due to its editor, Nathaniel Thomas. His career, as it emerges here, is of special significance to the historian of journalism, for these were the formative days of the newspaper editor as we know him now. Robert L. Haig, in his valuable history of *The Gazetteer*, Carbondale, 1960 (the most comprehensive study of a single newspaper so far published) writes: "In the 1750's the printer himself served as the editorial head . . . [but] Influenced by competition from newly established rivals. [*The Gazetteer*] gradually abandoned the neutral impersonality characteristic of printer-dominated publications to become editorially articulate only in 1780." In our Minute Books we see one of those "newly established rivals" beginning to raise the status of Nathaniel Thomas well before 1780. Even in his first contract, at a humble salary of a guinea a week, there is a hint of a free hand in his instructions for "translating the Mails, and making Extracts and giving Accounts of such Books and Pamphlets as may be recommended, or he may think worthy Notice . . ." Evidently his efforts pleased, for his salary was soon raised, and raised again, while from time to time the proprietors signified their approval by a bonus. By 1774, when they jointly subscribed to buy a lottery ticket, Thomas was so nearly one of them as to be invited to take a share; and it was only a matter of time before he was offered a vacant partnership, in July 1781, "in consideration of his long and successful Attention to the Interests of the Paper." Thereafter his signature appears at nearly every meeting, becoming touchingly shaky in the months before his death in 1795. What is especially interesting is that, while the *Chronicle* was steadily pioneering this new policy, the staid *Journal* was still jogging along

Curiously enough Shaw never wanted to write.

It never occurred to him in his youth that there was anything <sup>exceptional</sup> ~~unusual~~ about <sup>his</sup> ~~the~~ literary faculty. He took it ~~entirely~~ as a matter of course, just as one eats or sleeps. He <sup>aspired</sup> wanted to be a painter or an opera singer; not an author. But, <sup>as the range of his baritone was not rather uncommon or powerful, and his draughtsmanship was poor, he had to write</sup> ~~unlike most literary adventurers~~, ~~Shaw does not hesitate to place himself in the group of Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare.~~ He always insists that he is a classical writer and not a fashionable one. *Here is a quotation from his*

Blank verse.

For know, rash youth, that in this star-crossed world,

Fate drives us all to find our chiefest good

In what we can, and not in what we would.

~~# I had used the word "genius", but Shaw~~  
 in looking over my manuscript scratched it out and  
 substituted "adventurers." He also added the under-  
 scored line, about being a classical writer.

Shaw correcting an anecdote on Shaw (see page 19)





was Perkins' conception of two of his first-stamp  
writers hard at work on their forth-coming  
novels. And the best of it is, that old  
Egyptian overseer was quite correct in his  
judgment.

Jim sorry: your visit must be expended  
locally. I can't come. See you in Newport this  
summer ~ wearing my usual hat, by God.  
John

Pen and ink drawing by John W. Thomason, Jr. in a letter to  
James Boyd (see page 28)

under the old system, with Baldwin in charge. But the rise of editorial responsibility is only one of many strands to be unravelled from these Minutes. We learn the cost of printing; of libel actions; of trouble with the Government over parliamentary reporting (the *Chronicle* was a pioneer in this) or over the reprinting of a Junius letter (Baldwin was one of the four London printers singled out for ministerial vengeance); of making good the losses incurred by Thornton's over-enthusiasm in reprinting some of his contributions in book form. We learn of difficulties over "returned papers" or "allowance to hawkers." And we learn much of advertisement prices and problems (at one time bad debts in this department stood at 200 pounds), of the custom of allowing partners to insert advertisements at reduced rates, of a prim decision not to advertise that motheaten best-seller "*Onania, or the heinous sin of self-pollution.*"

Underneath all the hard facts, too, there are fascinating glimpses of the civilized way in which business was done: all the meetings took place at a well-known tavern (the Globe in Fleet-street, King's Head in Holborn, Bedford Head in Covent Garden, even Don Saltero's in Chelsea) and when an agreement had to be signed, a waiter made the handiest witness. Every summer, all the partners dined (usually on a haunch of venison and a gallon of claret) at the expenses of the printer; these festive gatherings were held further afield (Hampstead, Maidenhead, &c.), and on one occasion Lockyer Davis had to be reprimanded for suggesting an inn at Turnham Green and failing to turn up there himself. Garrick, too, was dilatory in attending meetings, even when the other partners tried the device of making him a committee member. But his signature appears on occasion, along with the others, and we can't but recall with envy the days when good hard business meetings were conducted over a crackling sea-coal fire at the Globe in the company of such stimulating, witty companions as Bonnell Thornton, whose talk beguiled even Johnson; the comical Colman and saturnine Steevens; Dr. John Berkenhout, one of the most versatile men of his day, renowned equally for his exploits in linguistics, mathematics, natural history—and behind the American lines in the War of Independence; lively Ralph Griffiths, Doctor of Laws of the University of Philadelphia, newly stepped from one of his two fine coaches bought with the proceeds of *Fanny Hill* and the *Monthly Review*, with



perhaps a squeeze or two of Goldsmith's lifeblood; the amiable Lockyer Davis, vastly knowledgeable in books; Thomas Becket, Sterne's publisher; popular Tom Davies "mouthing his sentences as curs mouth a bone" and with, no doubt, much to say of Boswell's embarrassment at that fateful first meeting in his own back shop; all these, and the others, and on rare occasions, playhouse permitting, the great little Mr. Garrick himself.

\* \* \*

Thanks to earlier donations from Archibald Henderson, our library's collection of Shaw manuscripts, publications and related materials enjoys an international reputation. The scope of this collection was significantly enlarged last year when we acquired through the Whitaker Fund, a group of letters which Shaw wrote to Mr. Cyril Clemens between 1910 and the year of his death; certain other original manuscript materials supplementing the correspondence and related materials date from the 1940's and are connected with Mr. Clemens' plans for publishing a volume of Shaw anecdotes. Clemens sent Shaw drafts of such anecdotes which he had collected asking the dramatist to authenticate them. Though more than a little importuned, Shaw did this and even went to the trouble of correcting or re-writing much of Mr. Clemens' copy. The results are often illuminating and clarify numerous details of Shavian lore. (See illustration facing page 22).

\* \* \*

Detective stories, although many people are addicted to reading them, have in general been considered as trivial literature and as such unworthy of the serious scholar's attention. There are, however, increasing signs of a change in attitude towards this literary phenomenon of the 19th and 20th century. Not very long ago, the University of Texas Library bought—for a fabulous sum, according to rumor—the private collection formed by Ellery Queen, himself a well-known author of thrillers.

Quite recently, the faculty members of the University of North Carolina's English Department advised and urged that we emulate the Texan precedent by acquiring in our turn a collection of detective short stories. With its more than 3500 well-chosen items—mostly rare first editions of British and American authors—this collection furnishes already in its pres-

ent state the material for surveying the growth and variations of the genre since its beginnings in the nineteenth century down to the 1930's. Still, the collection is a good way from being complete and certain gaps should definitely be filled in order to augment its overall usefulness for the researcher. Members of the faculty as well as librarians will be on the alert and watch the antiquarian book-market for suitable supplementary titles. Interested Friends of the Library are invited to lend their assistance and anyone who wishes to cooperate should ask our Curator of Rare Books for additional information.

Within the organizational set-up of our library, this collection of detective fiction is planned to be kept together as a unit, housed with and treated like other rare books. These volumes are intended for the use of researchers, not for the entertainment of the thriller addict.



## Library Needs

In the last issue of the BOOKMARK, certain needs of the Library were brought to the attention of the Friends. Their response has been most gratifying; to mention only the most recently received gift resulting from the publication of our desiderata in contemporary American authors' first editions: Mr. Edwin T. P. Boone, Jr., of Philadelphia, donated his copy of Hemingway's *To Have and Have Not* (New York. Scribner. 1937).

To a large extent, the wants noted last year continue to exist and the Library will be happy to hear about the contemplated gift of any of the items then mentioned. However, as a reminder concerning advisable procedures, we wish to repeat what was said last year, "bear in mind that the Library's holdings increase from one day to the next and what is a gap on the day these notes are printed may no longer be one on the following day. Therefore, before making any purchase with intention to donate the item, please consult the Library first. Also, ask your dealer to reserve for a week or two the book in question for your decision, which he will be always glad to do."

A few additional desiderata in another area of collecting shall be singled out for special attention this year. First editions of nearly all the writings of Dickens and Thackeray are to be found in our Rare Book Room, except for the following:

*Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*. London, Chapman and Hall, 1836-1837. 20 parts in 19.

*Sketches by Boz*. London, Chapman and Hall, 1837-1839. 20 parts.

*Oliver Twist*. London, Bradbury and Evans, 1846. 10 parts.

*Vanity Fair*. London, Bradbury and Evans, 1847-48. 19 parts.

# Treasurer's Report

*Cash Balance* April 25, 1962 .....\$6,463.91

## *Receipts:*

Donations by members .....\$2,284.66  

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\$8,748.57

## *Expenditures:*

Annual Dinner .....\$ 116.42  
Publication and Distribution .....\$ 96.75  
Books, Journals, Microfilm .....\$5,661.38  

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\$5,924.55      \$5,924.55  

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*Cash Balance* April 30, 1963 .....\$2,824.02

## Latest News

A valuable gift received too late for inclusion in the list printed elsewhere in this issue has recently come to the Library from Mrs. James Boyd of Southern Pines. It consists of the bulk of her husband's preserved correspondence and some unpublished manuscripts of his.

Himself a writer of distinction, nowadays remembered chiefly for historical novels like the prize-winning best seller *Drums* (1925), James Boyd (1888-1944) exchanged letters with numerous literary personalities of the twenties and thirties, such as Sherwood Anderson, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Lawrence



Stallings, Louis Bromfield, Thomas Wolfe, Sinclair Lewis, Archibald Macleish, John Steinbeck, John Galsworthy, Robert Bridges. Many of their letters as well as others are of great interest to the literary historian as they represent unique primary source material throwing light on the biography, activities and views of both Boyd and his correspondents.

The exchange of communications between Boyd and Maxwell Perkins, his publisher's reader and mentor, is hardly less illuminating than the one between Thomas Wolfe and Perkins, published a few years ago.

Among the materials constituting this gift there is also a group of more than thirty letters from John W. Thomason, Jr. liberally interspersed with amusing impromptu drawings. One of these appears in reproduced form opposite page 23 of this issue.





FRIENDS  
OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA  
LIBRARY

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FRANK B. HANES ..... *Chairman*

JOSEPH E. POGUE ..... *Vice-Chairman*

Preston Davie ..... *Vice-Chairman*

George Watts Hill ..... *Vice-Chairman*

Mrs. Lyman A. Cotton ..... *Honorary Secretary*

Jerrold Orne ..... *Secretary*

James Arthur Branch ..... *Treasurer*

*Executive Committee:* B. L. Ullman, W. L. Wiley, Jerrold Orne

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The BOOKMARK is issued periodically by the University of  
North Carolina Library for its Friends.

*Editor:* HARRY BERGHOLZ

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1187

# THE BOOKMARK

*Friends of the University of North Carolina Library*

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Chapel Hill

May 1964



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ROBERT S. PICKENS  
MRS. ROBERT S. PICKENS  
JOSEPH E. POGUE  
LARRY RUE  
MRS. PHILIP C. SCHINHAN  
MRS. LAWRENCE SHADRACH  
J. RAY SHUTE  
MRS. A. B. STONEY  
CLAUDE E. TEAGUE  
CHARLIE G. TERRY  
HARVEY S. TERRY  
MISS MARY L. THORNTON  
MADAME ERIC W. VAN LENNEP  
LINDSAY C. WARREN  
MISS GERTRUDE WEIL  
DR. WARNER WELLS  
RICHARD H. WILMER, JR.  
LOUIS R. WILSON

FRED W. WOLFE

## The Annual Meeting

The Friends of the Library held their annual dinner meeting at the Carolina Inn on Monday, April 27, 1964, honoring on this occasion their Life Members and in particular Chancellor William B. Aycock who was given a certificate of life membership in appreciation of his seven years' administration and support of the Library. Several speakers paid tribute to him; they were introduced in turn by the Chairman, Mr. Frank Borden Hanes whose opening remarks follow:

One of the last times I was on a platform was in Raleigh at the North Carolina Writers' Forum. And I delivered a deathless and blistering attack on certain forms of philistinism, to the end that two things happened: John Ehle called me an "angry young man" which pleased me inordinately; and John Larkins Pearson went sound asleep on the front row. Mr. Pearson later swore to me on his honor that he wasn't asleep at all . . . only praying. I admire his attitude of prayer and plan to adopt it myself at the next P.T.A. meeting.

Anyhow, you may be happy to know that tonight I won't be in particular need of your prayers, those of you who are slightly encephalitic. Because I'm not going to make a speech. And neither is anybody else. We are going to confine ourselves to "remarks." Anybody who goes further is going to get the gong and shepherd's hook from Jerrold Orne.

In the name of the Friends of our library let me welcome you here and express my gratitude for your showing up on a good TV night.

I was in Las Vegas last week with a bunch of bone-shakers from Forsyth, Surry and Rockingham counties. And we had a certain doctor of oral hygiene along who had a hot hand with a cool callous on it for a time. You can believe that our man



was making a large impression on the beady-eyed house men when he was a few grand up, which he naturally lost later on. At the height of his brief triumph a lady next to him turned in sheer admiration and said, "May I ask, sir, what convention you're with?" To which our transfigured friend, drawing himself up, adjusting the lapels on his green plaid jacket and removing the amber-tipped cigar from his lips replied, "Madam, I *am* the convention!"

Ladies and gentlemen I am supposed to be the chairman of the Friends of the University of North Carolina Library. But I am not the convention. And I feel bad enough about occupying this high office and doing so little in its name. Dr. London called me the other day and asked me to repeat as chairman. I said, "Why?" and if there was ever a blank silence on a long distance telephone line it occurred right there.

A chairman at Chapel Hill is somebody who nods pleasantly and smiles for the photographer as he stands between those two estimable end men Bills Friday and Aycock. So I have really done nothing but try to stay out of Bill Aycock's hair, and that is not meant to refer to any dandruff problem either. When Bill gets his dynamo going it purrs like a magneto on a thirty-payment hearse at a Negro mortuary establishment. What he needs most then is a clear road. So all I have done for this group is to stay the hell out of the race paths and remain honorary, which is not to be confused with honorable. In the process I've found out what a chairman is.

As announced we came tonight to honor the life members of this organization. But more particularly we are present to pay tribute to Bill Aycock. And let me warn you there is going to be considerable sweet talk and very little bad mouth.

One of the few times I was ever head of anything was at home with the Winston-Salem Arts Council. And that year the director quit, the secretary took off after him, we lost our building and the fund-raising campaign fell on its face. When the Council installed its new slate of officers the next season the chairman of the nominating committee got up and said graciously, "I want to thank Mr. Hanes for agreeing to become probably the most acceptable *ex*-president we'll ever have."

Maybe this will be said about Bill Aycock, but believe me the connotation will be different.

With the Friends of the Library in mind I'll cite one heartening instance and then turn to other testimony: When



Jerrold Orne and I were shaking a few bushes last fall for the proposed Special Collections Library and getting slowed down to a blazing walk, Bill came up to me and put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Frank, we're agonna get this Special Collections Library! You mark my words!" Well I have marked them down, and I'll always remember that glow of affirmation in his eyes that put my heart at rest. To this day, though we're a hair short of our goal, namely a million and a quarter, I haven't the slightest doubt we'll get there, any more than I doubt that the sun will stand up tomorrow. And I believe this because Bill Aycock said so. So, folks, just keep the selections coming in and we'll end up with a proper place in which to display them. Let me urge you to keep the money coming, too.

Now, about Bill. He's our topic for the evening. I sort of wish we could have a debate, but I couldn't get anybody to take the con side. Anyhow, we've got us a right smart bunch of witnesses to testify, the first one being a fellow who is building stately mansions of education in our university system; who is increasing the university's prestige at home and abroad . . . that honorary chairman of the State College Alumni Association: Dr. William C. Friday.

### *President Friday's Testimony*

I am delighted to join with everyone present in expressing my appreciation to Chancellor William B. Aycock for all he has done to build the University Library to its present level of excellence.

I have had the pleasure of working with him in four legislative sessions. In each of these experiences, priority was assigned the University Library request, and these requests were successful. The decision to give the Library such emphasis clearly indicates the clear vision of the man in seeing to it that the Library remains strong and continues to grow.

Books are important to him. This is true because Chancellor Aycock will always be a student. It is true because he is a teacher, and books are important to an excellent teacher such as he is. Books are important to him as an administrator, for he realized that the strength of the Library is the strength of the University.

One cannot associate with another for more than twenty years and not learn something of the character, integrity, and intellectual capacity of the other person. In my two decades of

association with Chancellor Aycock I have found him to be a man of high courage, strength, and devotion and one of the hardest working individuals I have ever met.

For each of us I wish to express to Chancellor Aycock our profound gratitude for his seven years of devoted service. The University of North Carolina is a better place because he and his lovely wife, Grace, have given of themselves so unselfishly and so devotedly during these years. For all of us and for friends of the University Library everywhere, I convey to you, Chancellor Aycock, our profound gratitude.

### *Dean James L. Godfrey's Testimony*

In all the years I have known Chancellor Aycock, I have found him to be a person of concern and conviction, thoughtful in determination and steady in action, and above all a person who mixes good judgment with lofty purposes. It is not strange, therefore, that he fixed from the beginning of his chancellorship upon the Library as one of the truly vital centers of the University. And having done this, one should not be surprised that he saw the library in the round. It did not mean only the acquisition of materials of a literary and research nature held for the use of faculty and students, but a part of the university served by its own staff, who in the way appropriate for each aided in the achievement of the university's purposes. This staff he wanted to be, in ability and devotion, the equal of those other segments of the university, well knowing that a weakness here would jeopardize the overall success of the entire academic venture.

The Chancellor is right in believing that in the long run the library would reflect the quality of the persons found within it. Their special place comes largely from the fact that here we find those who are the custodians of that vast literature making up the cultural resources—and this is meant in its widest sense—of the human race. It is through the library that we are in touch most of the time with all those who from beginning to now had something to say, something to write, something to do with how things have gone.

These treasures speak to us best and most effectively, however, when those who arrange, keep, and preserve them do so with love and skill and with due appreciation that they are serving in one of the vital and vibrant areas of a university's



existence. Without this, much that is on the shelves may remain mute and with great loss thereby.

This is to say that great libraries must have able and conscientious staffs. It is not enough to grow through the acquisition of volumes and the endless stretching of titles upon the shelves—though I must confess that scholars are not untouched by the imposing sight of book by book, upright and forthright, upon the shelves almost as far as eye can reach. It is almost as though one were a general—a great and victorious marshal—and these were soldiers, veterans all, waiting to be commanded. But I must return to a calmer approach and to our librarians! They are so very essential if our mutual efforts are to prosper.

We have been fortunate at Chapel Hill in those who serve as members of the library staff. Their efforts have blended with others in assuring the success and growing reputation and character of the university. We have all been benefited by their untiring efforts to secure what we need for our teaching, research and learning programs, by their systematic cleverness in receiving and arranging these materials, now running to millions of separate items, in such a way that order shoulders aside chaos, and by their warm and kind assistance in lending us in countless situations their own counsels of wisdom and perfection as we seek to use in the best way what has been provided in almost bewildering abundance. Faculty and students alike can share in this tribute for all have been beneficiaries—though one, perhaps, a bit more eagerly than the other!

This part of our Library—as was true of other parts—did not just happen. It required purpose, thought, effort and determination; it required also sympathy, understanding, pride, and real concern. For the past seven years these attitudes and qualities have been applied with consistency by Chancellor Aycock to the retention and development of a library staff that would match at every level the demands of a collection growing at a speed unequalled in the history of the university. Our present Library has now collections and staff of national consequence; they are growing in size and quality. All who use them should keep in mind the man we honor tonight for this part of the University's development was never absent from his mind, and I am certain that in his heart in the future years he will find his greatest satisfaction in the continuing growth—to which he gave such an impetus—of the Library and of those who serve it so well.



*Tribute of the  
Administrative Board on the Library  
to Chancellor Aycock*

Composed by a special committee, these words were read at the meeting by Board Member Professor Fletcher M. Green:

The Administrative Board on the Library is grateful to Chancellor Aycock for his significant role in achieving greatly increased support for the University Library. Since he came to office in 1957, our Chancellor has exerted a powerful influence by giving top priority to claims for the Library along with those for faculty salaries. Since 1957, the Library holdings have grown by about a third of a million volumes, and the annual expenditures for the library staff have been increased by around a quarter of a million dollars. This is impressive evidence of the increasing emphasis placed upon the Library's resources and services. Moreover, during the same period, annual expenditures for books, periodicals, and bindings have been more than doubled, and there has recently been a heartening additional supplement to these particular funds in the so-called "B" budget for the present biennium.

Such increased support for the Library during the seven-year period from 1957 to the present has made it possible for a special Research Fund Committee of the Administrative Board to allot nearly \$200,000 to the purchase of a wide variety of valuable research materials that would have been beyond the reach of individual departmental budgets and that serve to enrich immeasurably the core of the University's scholarly holdings.

Friends of the Library will rejoice also with the Administrative Board to learn that during Chancellor Aycock's administration, and in large part through the Chancellor's personal initiative, the Carolina Inn has become a source of considerable income for the Library—to the amount of about \$100,000 during the last five years. This would surely have pleased the late Friend, John Sprunt Hill, who left the Inn to the University with provision that its profits should go to the Library.

All this is a source of great satisfaction to members of the Administrative Board, and we feel that Chancellor Aycock deserves much credit and honor for his part in such welcome progress.

Yet this must be seen as only a healthy beginning, and present accomplishment must finally be evaluated in relation to the future and in relation to the accomplishment of outstanding universities of our day. The legitimate needs of a great university library go far beyond our present resources, and such needs must be satisfied if the University is to realize its proper destiny.

We believe that a university's library resources constitute its most lasting physical treasure. We know that great libraries attract and inspire and hold distinguished faculties. The Administrative Board and all Friends of the Library will, therefore, look to Chancellor Aycock's successors to bring continuous and growing emphasis to the Library, as Chancellor Aycock himself has done during the past seven years. We recognize that such priority must be continuous—that the Library must never again be allowed to suffer such irresponsible loss as it suffered in the 1930's and 1940's. It must, on the contrary, be kept ever in a constantly privileged position so that its resources can be developed into one of the great collections of learning in the world.

The Administrative Board on the Library has recommended to the Administration "that firm plans be drawn up to increase the total budget for books, periodicals, and bindings to \$1,000,000 a year" by 1970 and has suggested action looking toward the realization of this goal. In the judgment of the Board, an annual allotment of \$1,000,000 is necessary to provide the funds required for building a great library in the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. This is in harmony with Chancellor Aycock's emphasis during his years in office. It is a matter of first importance to us all, for we must have a great library if we are able to become a great university.



## *The Librarian's Testimony*

The University Librarian has the enviable privilege of speaking for the whole Library staff in adding what he can to the words of praise you have already heard. Recognizing the limits of time and the volumes we would like to say, we have put into printed form the cumulated record of seven years of progress, under the beneficent eye and the sure hand of Chancellor Aycock. This small pamphlet tells a large story—a story which is now a reality primarily because of the man we are gathered here to honor tonight. We present this as our tribute, hoping in so doing we give durable form to what might otherwise fade from memory.



Chancellor William B. Aycock receiving The Friend's Life  
Membership Scroll from Chairman Frank B. Hanes





## Report of the Secretary

This year's report of the Secretary will be concerned essentially with the several groups of people who are unable, because of their busy schedules or for personal reasons, to attend our annual meeting.

A goodly number of our Life Members have sent personal notes expressing their particular regret at not being able to attend this meeting where Life Members are to be honored. Among others, Dr. Joseph E. Pogue, George Watts Hill and Preston Davie, our three Vice-Chairmen, and Gordon Hanes, Ralph P. Hanes, James N. B. Hill, William S. Jenkins, Mrs. Grace Kehaya, William R. Kenan, Jr., Dr. Russell O. Lyday, Mrs. Margaret Myers, Mrs. Alice Paine, Mrs. Katherine Parker, Mrs. Vinton Liddell Pickens, Larry Rue, Mrs. Mary Kistler Stoney, Harvey S. Terry and Madame Eric van Lennep. Many others too numerous to mention have advised us of their present health and activities while expressing their own personal regret that they cannot be with us. Our recent Governor, now Secretary of Commerce Luther Hodges, and our present Governor, Terry Sanford, have both written kind letters. Our former Chancellor, Frank P. Graham, has sent us a message which will be reported elsewhere in this publication.

This year, as always, we regretfully bring to the membership the record of those long-standing members of the Friends of the Library who in the course of this year have left us for all time. We have an extraordinarily long list this year, including Dr. James B. Bullitt, Josephus Daniels, Jr., William Fahnestock, Jr., Miss Lucy E. Fay, Professor Robert J. Getty, Walter Golde, T. Holt Haywood, Mrs. T. Holt Haywood, Professor Archibald Henderson, W. Lunsford Long, Professor Loren C. MacKinney, and Mrs. Walter H. Woodson. These loyal members of the Friends will be sorely missed. They are great names in our history.

The membership in Friends of the Library now stands at 400 active members. Despite the losses mentioned above and the removal from our rolls of some who have gone beyond our reach or lost their abiding interest in the Library, we find ourselves each year with some new and noteworthy beginners who give vigorous evidence of the will to fill the gaps which time inevitably makes for us. I wish to take this special opportunity



to express my own appreciation for the continued friendship and assistance all of the members give to our library and our work. It takes many and powerful influences to form a great library over a long period of time. This organization assures continuity and supplies a very strong influence in ways which are otherwise wholly unattainable. It is this particular contribution which merits our great appreciation. For the members of the Library staff and myself, I continue to bring you our appreciation for the opportunity to work daily in the interest of our common concern, the University Library.

## Report of the Nominating Committee

The Nominating Committee of the Friends of the Library submits the following slate of officers for the year 1964-1965:

<i>Chairman</i>	Frank Borden Hanes
<i>Vice-Chairman</i>	James G. Kenan*
<i>Secretary</i>	Jerrold Orne
<i>Treasurer</i>	J. A. Branch
<i>Honorary Chairman</i>	James G. Hanes
<i>Honorary Secretary</i>	Mrs. Lyman A. Cotten
<i>Member of Executive Committee</i>	W. Leon Wiley

Upon the recommendation of the Executive Committee, Mrs. Katharine Boyd, Mr. R. Philip Hanes, Mr. Brandon Barringer are nominated for Life Membership for their very generous contributions of books and manuscripts to the Library.

JAMES W. PATTON  
DOUGALD MACMILLAN  
LAWRENCE F. LONDON, *Chairman*

\* For a three-year term, replacing Preston Davie whose terms expired April 1964.

# Treasurer's Report

*Cash Balance* April 30, 1963 -----\$2,824.02

## *Receipts:*

Donations by members ----- 2,460.00

---

\$5,284.02

## *Expenditures:*

Annual Dinner -----\$ 350.35

Books, Journals, Microfilm ----- 1,822.88

---

\$2,173.23    \$2,173.23

*Cash Balance* April 20, 1964 -----\$3,110.79



# Noteworthy Gifts

1963-1964

During the past year the Library has continued to benefit greatly from the generous gifts of the Friends of the Library. This list does not pretend to be complete, but is only a sampling of the most representative gifts.

The remainder of funds provided by the late Mr. Dannie N. Heineman have been used to acquire two exceptional items, one a rare incunabulum, the other a new imprint from Yale University Press, Josef Albers' *Interaction of Color*.

Out of the bequest of William Asbury Whitaker numerous works in the fields of English and American literature continue to be added to the Library's collections. Some of these purchased in the last year are: *Divine Poems*, by Francis Quarles, the London edition of 1630; *The Age of Reason*, by Thomas Paine, the first Paris edition of 1794, and a first edition of Poe's *Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque*.

Dr. William P. Jacocks has presented sixteen titles published by the Limited Editions Club of New York, including *The Swiss Family Robinson*, by Johann David Wyss; *The Spy*, by James Fenimore Cooper; *Tartuffe* and *The Would-Be Gentleman*, by Molière; *Grimm's Fairy Tales* in four volumes; *Around the World in Eighty Days*, by Jules Verne; *The Trial and Death of Socrates*, by Plato; *The Confessions of St. Augustine*; *The Innocents Abroad*, by Mark Twain; *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, by Thornton Wilder; *Monsieur Beaucaire*, by Booth Tarkington; and *Waverley*, by Sir Walter Scott.

Dr. W. W. Pierson has given around five hundred volumes of Latin-Americana. One item of special interest in this collection is a copy from the limited edition of *Découverte et Évolution Cartographique de Terre-Neuve et Des Pays Circonvoisins*, by Henry Harrisse. The Rare Book Room had already acquired many of the personal books of Harrisse, who taught at this university before the turn of the century.

Papers of Archibald Henderson (1877-1963) relating to members of the Henderson, Steele and allied families in North Carolina during three centuries have been received by Professor Henderson's bequest.

A significant addition was made to the papers of former North Carolina Governor O. Max Gardner (1882-1947) by Mrs. Gardner.

Additional letters and papers of James Boyd (1888-1944), author, were given by Mrs. Boyd.

Correspondence and other papers of Drury Lacy (1802-1884), Presbyterian preacher and educator in Virginia and North Carolina, comprising about six hundred items, dated 1823-97, were given by three of his great-grandchildren: Mrs. Elisabeth Chambers Holt, Lenoir Chambers and Mrs. Anne Chambers Keesler.

The Congressional office files, 1959-60, of the Honorable Carl T. Durham were added this year to his earlier papers.

Among other donors were the following:

Josef Anderle  
C. McNeill Baker  
Brandon Barringer  
Mrs. Ann W. Baxter  
W. Wilfrid Bayne  
Miss Betty Bolton  
Samuel M. Boone  
Mrs. Bernis Brien  
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Raymond C. Maxwell  
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Enoch L. Mitchell  
Joseph L. Morrison  
Miss Daisy Moseley

David Nicholas, Jr.  
Jerrold Orne  
James W. Patton  
William A. Pease  
James E. Poindexter  
William S. Powell  
Phillips Russell  
Wiley B. Sanders  
Corydon P. Spruill  
Cornelius D. Thomas  
Mrs. Carolyn Wallace  
Samuel Hood Willis

## FRIENDS OF THE LIBRARY

Any interested person may become a member of the Friends of the Library. Student members pay \$2.00 annually; contributing members \$5.00 annually; associate members \$10.00 annually; sustaining members \$25.00 annually; patron members \$100 annually. Life members give \$1000 in money or material of unusual value.



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10 April 1964

Dear Dr. Orne,

Congratulations to you on the organization of a memorable occasion.

Please consider this letter as a postscript to telegraph message already sent.

From the student days of his courageous leadership of the campus democracy at North Carolina State, to these days of his valiant leadership of the University at Chapel Hill for integrity, freedom, democracy and intellectual excellence, William Brantley Aycock has stood for the best in the life of the University and the advancing hopes of the people of North Carolina. May we have the honor of joining in the salute to him as a thorough scholar, cited soldier, respected commander on the farthest fronts of the Second World War, guardian of the keeping of international agreements for the self-determination of people, dynamic teacher, builder of libraries and Chancellor in a great tradition.

To him and to Grace, whose faith and affection have steadfastly sustained him all these years, go the gratitude, the affection and good wishes of

*Marion and Frank Graham*

Dr. Gerrold Orne  
University of North Carolina  
Chapel Hill, N. C.

FRIENDS  
OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA  
LIBRARY

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FRANK B. HANES ..... *Chairman*

GEORGE WATTS HILL ..... *Vice-Chairman*

JAMES G. KENAN ..... *Vice-Chairman*

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MRS. LYMAN A. COTTEN ..... *Honorary Secretary*

JERROLD ORNE ..... *Secretary*

JAMES ARTHUR BRANCH ..... *Treasurer*

*Executive Committee:* B. L. Ullman, W. L. Wiley, Jerrold Orne

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The BOOKMARK is issued periodically by the University of  
North Carolina Library for its Friends.

Editor: HARRY BERGHOLZ

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# THE BOOKMARK

*Friends of the University of North Carolina Library*

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Chapel Hill

June 1965



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RICHARD H. WILMER, JR.  
LOUIS R. WILSON

FRED W. WOLFE

# The Borderline Between Virginia and North Carolina

*by*  
BURKE DAVIS

Fellow Tar Heels and Facsimiles: I have been asked to come here and take up with you a matter of some delicacy—to wit, the state of hostilities existing along our northern border, with that charming race which holds itself to be our better, the Noble Virginians.

As you may be aware, there is a unique Virginia geography, whose most striking characteristic is the concept that the way leads downhill in every direction from Virginia, even to Heaven. The descent has always been considered steepest along the Carolina border, for reasons more obvious on the northern than the southern parts of the line.

In the hope of casting an aura of authenticity about this sally, or at least of dividing responsibility, I will cite one of the earliest and most gifted of our Virginian detractors, William Byrd II, one of the most vivid writers produced in America. In his work with the surveying party of the Carolina Virginia border, in the late 1720's, Byrd saw a good many of our Tar Heel forefathers on their then primitive native heath, and was moved to comment.

Among other endearments, he wrote these:

"... 'Tis a thorough Aversion to Labor that makes People file off to N Carolina, where Plenty and a Warm Sun confirm them in their Disposition to Laziness for their whole Lives . . .

"The Distemper of Laziness seizes the Men oftener much than the Women . . . their husbands are Sloathfull in every thing but the getting of children . . .

"... these People live so much upon Swine's flesh that it . . . makes them extremely Hoggish in their Temper, and many of them seem to Grunt rather than Speak . . .

"One thing may be said for the Inhabitants of that Province, that they are not troubled with any Religious Fumes . . ."

So much for Brother Byrd.

He set the pattern for relations between these sovereign peoples which endures to this day. Things are still pretty warm along that line, and in general are much more interesting than affairs obtaining along less animated borders.



Before you conclude that I am so far afield that my literary license, if any, should be revoked, I should explain that I am fresh from the crime of having committed a novel with a setting upon this border, in which I was obliged to make use of the substance of these interstate relationships. With the aid of a band of renegade sociologists and folklorists, I have been engaged in a study of the buffer zone of the border for many years. My presence here is on the order of a report, despite the disorder in which it is presented.

Since none of the news is good, it appears to be of little moment where I begin. I will meander along the territory:

In Richmond, Virginia, where all North Carolinians are looked upon as escapees or rehabilitation cases from a combination mental institution and penal colony, there is a common epigram in daily use: "Tar Heels don't have the Three R's in their schools like ordinary people, but Four—Reading, Riting, and Road to Richmond." The accent is on the last two R's.

In Newport News, home of a great shipbuilding industry, the natives feel that they have suffered unfairly from many successive waves of North Carolinians (all of the emigrants are thought of here as hillbillies, even those from the Coastal Plain). Since many of our people have ended in the shipyards in that city, there is a Newport News saying to this effect: "There's one sure way to get a man on the moon. Just spread the word in North Carolina that they're going to open a shipyard up there."

In southern Halifax County, I once interviewed the matriarch of a swarming household in her front yard. A small girl interrupted to ask her mother if she might play with "One of them Grimeses over there in the creek." It seemed that the Grimes family lived across the tiny stream, in North Carolina. The mother drew her child close and whispered: "You can play in the creek with her, Honey—but you be sure and stay on the upstream side of her, you hear me?"

The objection, I discovered, was not based on family lineage or sanitary practices—but purely on residence out of state.

An old lady in Norfolk, who thought she was among friends, offered this testimony: "I cannot abide a North Carolinian. They're the meanest-principled set of people I know. I mean they're all go-getters. They'll run right over you. No idea of gentility at all. And if you don't think they'll make a mess of things, just take a look at the City of Norfolk today—they're just about in full charge here."



All along the border one finds general folk beliefs of this kind among Virginians. There are frequently reported storms which fall only on the Carolina side, with rain coming from clouds cut in half vertically, and the sun shining only upon Virginia. Many of these people declare that as they approach Carolina the air becomes rank, and that a miasma hangs above the line—and, of course, extends all the way across our state.

There are a good many other examples, ranging from gamy to obscene, and certain of these are embalmed in the text of the novel, after treatment.

Perhaps I should say a little about the book. It is called *The Summer Land*, which, as I suppose you see, was filched from the North Carolina State Toast, which was still in daily school use in my day, before flags and pledges came into conflict with the Constitution. The book will be published this fall by Random House.

The setting is a mythical North Carolina county on the mid-Virginia border, a tobacco farm, to be precise. The time is 1916, the narrator is a 15-year-old boy, and the business is mostly humorous, involving horse-trading, the shrewd ways of country people in cheating each other, some of the lore of moonshine, and Lord knows what all else. It is not written in dialect, but there has been an unusually painful effort to capture in flavor of the expression of rural Piedmont people.

I have zealously sought to keep out any moral or even a hint of my philosophy of life, such as it is, but at the risk of over-burdening you, and of giving you the impression that it is only a collection of folk sayings, I offer a few samples as condiment:

As to life in general, one character makes the comment, I'm afraid, that "Life ain't nearly so serious as we've been led to believe."

Another time he speaks of: "The most even-tempered woman on earth—mad all the time."

And, finally, the woman's comment upon the men of the community: "I expect that if they could test out the blood of every man in this county you'd run about half blackeyed peas and half corn liquor."

If you'll forgive me, that's the sort of material I tried to work into the narrative, but not to the exclusion of the story's movement, I hope, nor to the development of character and a sense of time and place. You must have divined by now, how-

ever, that there's not a serious bone in my head, and so a good part of this book is foolishness and I can't deny it.

Much of the book, naturally enough, deals with one of the primary facts of life in the border region, the manufacture, nurture and consumption of white corn whiskey—which, in its pristine state, honestly made and aged, puts to shame its modern successor, the false and artificially colored corn liquor sold to the gullible as bourbon.

One of the legends of the area which appealed to me was that of a lady bootlegger who operated exactly on the Carolina-Virginia line, so conveniently situated for her purposes that when officers of one state or the other made bold to raid her premises, she merely shoved the contraband jars of white lightning from one side of her house to the other, beyond their legal reach.

She is still spoken of with awe in the region between Virginia and Danville, Virginia—and so is the day of her reported downfall, when officers from both states joined and raided her at once. The story is that she was taken into a neutral court, at Kenbridge, Virginia, and that her trial was one of the most notable of its day.

To be brief, she won her freedom because both the public prosecutor and the presiding judge knew an honest workman when they saw one. In the courtroom, both judge and solicitor took deep sniffs from the liquor jars offered in evidence, and merely shook their heads and with straight faces declared that their nostrils could not detect the odor of incriminating fumes. And so, that whiskey was passed off officially as nothing more offensive than water, and the case was dismissed. Whiskey confiscated for the use of the court.

One Halifax County man once explained to me that his brother was one of the most perverse drunks he ever knew. He described him as having a fiery red mark across the bridge of his nose—not the result of wearing tight spectacles, but from a misspent life of drinking from a fruit jar. This man said to me:

“One night last winter he got so drunk, coming home from the still, that he lost his false teeth in the underbrush. We couldn't find 'em, until our sister had a right bright idea. She just took a long string, soaked it in corn likker, and dragged it through the woods. Don't you know them teeth come snapping up from a quarter mile away, and hung on.”

A game warden told me of the case of a man in his late



seventies driven to a life of duplicity by the unreasoning attitude of his wife toward liquor. The warden was out one day, inspecting a stream where people had been illegally fishing for young trout, when he came upon the old man on the bank, a fishing pole in his hands and a line dangling in the water.

"I reckon you think I'm fishing," the old man said.

"Looks like it, your line in the water and all."

The old man glanced behind him and pulled from the water a dripping pint bottle, uncorked it, took a swig and let it back out of sight.

"My old woman sits up there on the porch all day," he said, "a watching to see I don't touch a drop. She says she don't object to my fishing, though—says it seems to settle my nerves so it's easier to put up with me."

Most of these whiskey tales—and there are, I confess, several more hidden in this novel—are told on both sides of the border, as if applying to the enemy.

To sum up this affair, I will quote two or three border residents, and then leave you in peace.

One woman who spent all of a long life within a mile of the Virginia border, on the North Carolina side, was offended by the way Virginians dismissed the Lost Colony as a temporary and worthless enterprise. She told me: "We look a sight more flourishing than those plagued Virginians. To tell the truth, it makes me break out to hear them bragging about how they are the first permanent English-speaking settlement. I've lived a long time, and I don't see much sign that the darned place is going to be permanent at all. And anybody knows they don't yet speak English."

One of her neighbors, just across the line in Virginia, and a lifelong intimate friend, is apt to reply to her in such moments: "If you're so set against us, how in the devil did you come to name your first white child born down there Virginia?"

The last word on the old controversy, so far as I'm concerned, came from an elderly man in Surry County, North Carolina. When I asked him about the Virginia problem, he was quiet for a few seconds and finally said:

"To tell you the truth, we don't devote a devil of a lot of time to thinking about 'em. But we do have an old saying around here—'The three most over-rated things on this earth are home cooking, home loving, and the State of Virginia.'"



## The Annual Meeting

The Friends of the Library held their annual meeting at the Carolina Inn on Tuesday, May 4, 1965. The dinner session was highlighted by Mr. Burke Davis' address which appears on the preceding pages. Dean James L. Godfrey introduced the speaker with these remarks:

From time to time Chapel Hill has reason for gratitude toward our neighboring city of Durham. Certainly one such occasion was, now many years ago, when one of its distinguished citizens gave this Inn to the University. Between then and now, other occasions may have slipped my memory, but certainly this evening we should be grateful for our speaker who is a native of Durham but lives in Williamsburg, Virginia. Perhaps in a sense this proves the accuracy of an old observation of a university janitor who returned from a brief sojourn in Durham with the judgment, "Durham just ain't no place for a literary man." I must not take too many liberties, for our speaker is a salty character and in introducing him it would be a mistake to play it any way other than straight.

In this vein, may I give you a few facts? He attended Duke, Guilford College, and the University of North Carolina—I take it that there is no special significance in this order. He is a graduate of our School of Journalism and a former sports editor, reporter, and associate editor of *The Charlotte News*. He has had a brief stay in Baltimore, a somewhat longer stay in Greensboro and is now on the Public Relations Staff of Colonial Williamsburg.

By his own admission he is the author of something over twelve pounds of books. These have been about the Civil War, about southern themes in general, and in particular about the small town. He has been especially effective with the historical novel and biography. His works on Stewart, Jackson and Robert E. Lee come easily to mind.

He is, as you will see, a large man with a zest for life and an insight into people and situations with a capacity for describing both.

He has prepared for us this evening a speech about "The Borderline Between Virginia and North Carolina" in which you will be left to decide which of the two states comes off second best.

## Researchers at Work

For some of the Friends of the Library it is not quite easy to visualize to what use scholars put our materials and how the researcher does his work. To be sure, the books and articles which UNC faculty members as well as others have published are factual proof of their activities. But these final products in general conceal rather than reveal the ingredients that have gone into them.

On the other hand, it is occasionally possible to obtain a glimpse into what research with the help of library materials actually means and the insight thus gained is of considerable interest to anyone endowed with intellectual curiosity. In this connection, the editor of the BOOKMARK welcomes the opportunity to draw the reader's attention to a recent contribution in *The Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America* (vol. 58, pp. 173-179) by Professor Maurice Bassan, formerly at Chapel Hill, now teaching at San Francisco State College. Using an author's autograph manuscript of Stephen Crane's poem, "In the Night," preserved with other Crane materials in our Rare Book Collection, and comparing it with the existing (and conflicting) printed versions controlled by Crane, Professor Bassan has managed to establish what must be considered the true or pure text of this poem—in contrast to the usually reproduced imperfect states. With the help of this one concise example, Professor Bassan also demonstrates that a critical scholarly edition of Crane's works is sorely needed and, by implication, also a similar need of such editions for other modern standard authors.

For older authors this need is universally recognized, and many authoritative editions have already appeared or are being prepared. The great Yale edition of Samuel Johnson's works is a case in point. One of its editors is Professor Albrecht B. Strauss, since 1960 with the English Department on the Chapel Hill campus, who reported a few months ago before a circle of colleagues about the nature of this work in progress. The editor of the BOOKMARK is happy to publish in this issue Professor Strauss' lively and stimulating paper as an original contribution.



# The Dull Duty of an Editor: On Editing The Text of Johnson's *Rambler*

by ALBRECHT B. STRAUSS

A scholarly audience such as this need not be reminded, I trust, that Macaulay's all too memorable portrait of Johnson as a grotesque eccentric has long been recognized for the shallow, flippant, and misleading caricature it is. As we have achieved a more balanced view of eighteenth-century English literature, we have come to realize that, whatever his appeal as a colorful personality and whatever his significance as (to use Smollett's phrase) the Great Cham of Literature, Johnson's *enduring* importance lies not so much in what he was as in what he wrote. The Johnson we study and treasure *these* days is not the twitching, lumbering, tea-swilling "humours" character Macaulay bequeathed to posterity, but rather the lexicographer who pioneered the use of quotations to illustrate semantic change, the editor whose *Shakespeare* to this day constitutes a provocative contribution to Shakespeare scholarship, the poet whose "Vanity of Human Wishes" is without a doubt one of the major poems in the language, the moralist whose *Rasselas* not only invites comparison with Voltaire's *Candide* (a book published in the same year) but emerges from such a comparison as by far the more compassionate and endearing of the two, and finally the periodical writer whose *Rambler*, *Idler* and *Adventurer* papers, in their earnestness and moral elevation, shatter and transcend the form created some forty years earlier by Addison and Steele. It is in his quality as a man of letters, then, that Johnson has once again come into his own.

Evidence of this renewed interest in Johnson's writings is all around us—in the steady outpouring of scholarly articles, in the rapidly mounting number of monographs on such specialized topics as Johnson's politics, his religion and his moral thought, and—not least significant perhaps—in the almost ten year-old effort by a group of distinguished Johnsonians in this country and abroad to launch, with the backing of the Yale University Press, a complete old-spelling edition of Johnson's works, the first such edition since 1825. It is surely no accident that we should have had a fine scholarly edition of Boswell's



unique biography some three quarters of a century before the need was felt for a new edition of Johnson's own writings. When, in 1887, the late George Birkbeck Hill gave the public his monumental edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, Johnson the man still largely over-shadowed Johnson the writer: the very launching, in 1955, of a Yale Edition of the Works of Samuel Johnson is proof that at long last the balance has been redressed.

Of this Yale Edition three volumes have appeared thus far: Volume I, containing Diaries, Prayers, and Annals, was published in 1958; Volume II, containing the *Idler* and *Adventurer* papers, became available in 1963; and finally, the Poems, which constitute Volume VI, came out this spring. The *Shakespeare* is in proof now, and galley proofs for the *Rambler* papers, scheduled to take up Volume III, IV, and V, are imminent. After an embarrassingly slow start the Edition is thus finally under way, and subsequent volumes should appear in rapid succession. At least, one hopes so.

Not too confidently, I am afraid. Because they are cooperative ventures, requiring the collaboration of a host of strong-willed individualists, each with very distinct ideas of his own, editions like the Yale Johnson face peculiar difficulties, and I am tempted to divert you with an account of the clashes of scholarly temperaments—of which at this remove, to be sure, I have only heard distant rumblings. But however entertaining such an account might be, the temptation to gossip had best be resisted; instead, I shall try to report as soberly as I can on some of the findings and problems which have come my way—my way, that is in my capacity as textual editor of the *Rambler*, a literary periodical Johnson published twice a week, on Tuesdays and Saturdays, between March 20, 1750, and March 14, 1752. So as to leave no doubts about the limits of my responsibilities I should perhaps underscore the word "textual." Professor Walter Jackson Bate of Harvard, the author of one of the finest studies of Johnson we have, has provided critical notes as well as a critical introduction for what, as I have said, we expect to be a three-volume edition. My own work consisted solely in preparing a sound text, providing textual notes, and writing a textual introduction.

Lest this may seem an uneven division of labor, I should say perhaps that the *Rambler* poses far greater textual problems than any of Johnson's other works. We do not think of

Johnson as the kind of writer who, once he has committed his thoughts to paper, has the patience to revise what he has written—and, as a general rule, we are right. But the *Rambler* is a special case. Boswell tells us that, near the end of his life, when asked whether he could improve the *Ramblers*, Johnson staunchly insisted that he could, and upon being badgered by an incredulous Boswell added irritably, "But I will, Sir, if I choose. I shall make the best of them you shall pick out, better." He then went on to explain that there are "three ways of making them better: putting out, adding, or correcting." Though Boswell evidently did not know it, Johnson was merely recollecting what, in point of fact, he had already done some thirty years earlier. The late David Nichol Smith pointed out long ago that *Rambler* 1 was lightly revised when the stock of this first number "was exhausted and a reprint was required." We have also been told, (though, as I shall suggest later, perhaps erroneously) that Johnson sent copy with occasional textual changes for James Elphinston's edition, brought out in Edinburgh between 1750 and 1752, while the original numbers were still appearing in London. And it has been recognized ever since the beginning of the nineteenth century that on two separate occasions Johnson revised the *Rambler* very heavily indeed: once, for the collected edition in duodecimo of 1752 and a second time for the fourth edition of 1756. Alexander Chalmers, to be sure, exaggerates when, in speaking of these two major revisions of the *Rambler*, he declares that "Dr. Johnson almost rewrote the *Rambler* after the first folio edition"; but, with the changes numbering in the thousands, there can be no denying that Johnson had indeed done a considerable amount of "putting out, adding, or correcting."

While the fourth was by no means the last edition to appear in Johnson's life-time, after 1756 the text remains substantially unchanged: Johnson, one supposes, had grown away from it. The ninth edition of 1779, as Professor Bradford shows, corrects "a number of misprints that had crept into the text by a process of slow corruption," none of these changes was authorial. For practical purposes, in short, the text had become stabilized. This is why all those familiar with its history (Alexander Chalmers in the early nineteenth century, David Nichol Smith and Curtis B. Bradford in the twentieth) have insisted that the revised text of 1756 must "be the basis of any critical edition of the *Rambler*." After careful consideration of the



evidence, the Editorial Board of the Yale Johnson decided to take their advice: the fourth edition of 1756, rather than the folio, was selected for copy-text, and the earlier readings—many thousands of them—were to be recorded in the textual notes.

Such a decision may need justifying, particularly in view of Professor Fredson Bowers' recent attack on the choice for copy-text, by the editors of the *Idler* and *Adventurer* volume, of the second, that is to say, the first *collected* edition of the *Idler* papers, an edition that appeared in 1761. Taking his cue from an article by W. W. Greg, Professor Bowers protests against the use for copy-text of any edition later than the first. Rather than reprinting a revised text, an editor, Bowers maintains, should take it upon himself to insert later authorial revisions, along with his own editorial emendations, into the text of the first edition. In later editions, Bowers points out, the accidentals, that is to say, spelling, capitalization, and punctuation, are bound to be more remote from the author's own usage than they are in the first, which presumably was printed from the author's own manuscript. Admittedly, the author himself may have approved such tampering with his own usage; still, according to Bowers, it is the editor's duty to recover what the author actually *wrote*. Only by producing an eclectic text, Bowers argues, will the editor come as close as he can to doing just that.

The argument is a persuasive one, yet certain questions obtrude themselves. How can we be confident that the printer of the first edition did in fact faithfully follow the author's manuscript in accidentals? If, as in our present case, the manuscript may have been—as was Johnson's wont—carelessly and inconsistently spelled, is it not conceivable that, in setting it, the printer normalized—inconsistently, to be sure, but normalized nonetheless—in accordance with a house style? But if we cannot be sure that the first edition faithfully reproduces Johnson's manuscript, then the text of the fourth edition becomes fully as authoritative as that of the first, all the more so since we know that Johnson did not read proof for the first, whereas he may have done so for the fourth? And given Johnson's extraordinarily extensive revisions as well as the fallibility of the human eye, is an editor not far more likely to provide an *accurate* text if he reproduces the last corrected edition than if he inserts thousands upon thousands of changes into the text of the first uncorrected one? In any case, why take



for granted—as Bowers does—that an editor’s task consists in recovering what the author wrote before he himself or his printer had a chance to correct it? Cannot an equally powerful argument be made for the editor’s obligation to reproduce the final text which the author approved in normalized proof from his printer? If nothing else, such a procedure would seem to pay greater regard to the author’s own wishes than that advocated by Professor Bowers.

But, as Mr. T. S. Eliot once observed of Dr. Johnson, Professor Bowers “is a dangerous man to disagree with,” and I have no doubt that in due course we shall hear his counter-arguments. In the meantime though, let me review briefly the nature of Johnson’s revisions for the later editions of the *Rambler*. Not, I hasten to say, that I have anything particularly startling to add to Professor Bradford’s judicious report on this subject, which appeared as long ago as 1939 in *The Review of English Studies*; but having myself painstakingly collated four editions of the 208 *Rambler* papers—the folio, Elphinston’s Edinburgh edition, the collected edition in duodecimo of 1752, and the so-called fourth edition of 1756—I can at least report at first hand, with my own illustrations, and with perhaps a slightly different emphasis, on what is surely a matter of considerable interest. After all, nowhere else in the entire corpus of Johnson’s works do we have a comparable opportunity to watch one of the great stylists of the language at work, to get a proper sense of what precisely Johnson had in mind when he boasted that he could improve any *Rambler* Boswell might pick out. It may, in fact, be no exaggeration to say that Johnson’s revisions reveal the quality of this mind.

It is above all a decisive mind. The first version of the *Ramblers*, to be sure, was sometimes hastily and carelessly written. Boswell tells us why. “Mr. Langton,” he reports, “remembers Johnson when on a visit at Oxford asking him one evening how long it was till the post went out; and on being told about half an hour, he exclaimed, ‘then we shall do very well.’ He upon this sat down and finished an *Idler* which it was necessary should be in London the next day. Mr. Langton having signified a wish to read it, ‘Sir, (said he) you shall not do more than I have done myself.’ He then folded it up, and sent it off.” And Johnson himself, in a strikingly poignant section of his final *Rambler*, portrays the periodical writer as a man who, having condemned himself “to compose on a stated day, will

often bring to his task an attention dissipated, a memory embarrassed, an imagination overwhelmed, a mind distracted with anxieties, a body languishing with disease: he will labour on a barren topick, till it is too late to change it; or in the ardour of invention, diffuse his thoughts into wild exuberance, which the pressing hour of publication cannot suffer judgment to examine or reduce." Little wonder, then that the original issues teem with the sort of stylistic blemishes which, as Professor Wimsatt has noted, Johnson would not have let stand, "had he not been too close to his composition or too much hurried." But once given the chance to correct these faults, Johnson proceeded with characteristic vigor. Not for him the idle toying with words, the capricious substitution of one phrase for another. There is hardly a change he made that is not a clear improvement. Johnson does not vacillate. In his relentless way, he knew exactly what he was doing and permitted nothing to deflect him from his purpose.

What this purpose was, a study of the revisions reveals very quickly. Almost without exception the revisions are stylistic, scarcely ever do they affect the argument. To improve the *Ramblers*, we discover, must have meant to Johnson above all to prune them—to eliminate, that is to say, deadwood of various sorts: redundancies, verbal false limbs, extra adjectives, useless intensives, and—most commonly of all perhaps—ready-made phrases of the type that, under pressure, all too easily flow into the pen of the professional writer. Every so often, to be sure, he amplified a phrase for the sake of clarity, adjusted a sentence to achieve balance, or substituted one word for another to sharpen his meaning. But for every change of this sort there must be at least three which involve lopping off excess verbiage. Expression is tightened: "Observation will every hour furnish some instance in confirmation of *Tully's* precept" becomes, in the later editions, "Every hour furnishes some confirmation of *Tully's* precept"; "I was bred a scholar, and having passed the usual course of education, at least, with common proficiency and credit, I found it necessary" is condensed to "I was bred a scholar, and after the usual course of education, found it necessary." Doublets are broken up: "misery and misfortune" becomes "misfortunes"; "his admirers and encomiasts" becomes "his encomiasts"; "winds and waves" becomes "winds"; "pain and inflammation" becomes "pain"; "restless and importunate solicitude" becomes "restless solicitude." Triplets are made over



into doublets; where the original number of *Rambler* No. 150 read "Princes, when they would know the opinions or grievances of their subjects, have found it necessary to lay aside their grandeur, to steal away from their guards and attendants, and to mingle on equal terms among the people," the 1752 version has "Princes, when they would know the opinions or grievances of their subjects, find it necessary to steal away from guards and attendants, and mingle on equal terms among the people." Superfluous adverbs such as "always," "necessarily," "indeed," "generally," "often," "surely," "perhaps" are resolutely thrown out. So are redundant adjectives: "distinguished for eminent attainments or superior abilities" is reduced to "distinguished for attainments or abilities." And, whenever they may safely be dispensed with, articles and prepositions are eliminated.

But it would be tedious to prolong the list. Hearing my recital of it, those of us who have had the dubious good fortune to teach English Composition will have noted that Johnson's are precisely the sort of revisions we to this day urge undergraduates to make, and I have sometimes thought that one could do worse than examine the revisions of one or two *Ramblers* (in the forthcoming Yale edition, of course!) with a Freshman English class. In any event, the result of such rigorous pruning is bound to be tauter prose, and the later versions of the *Rambler* papers are clearly the better for being leaner and more succinct. Not, as I have said before, that all changes are in the direction of condensation. Indeed, some of Johnson's most revealing ones involve expansion. In *Rambler* No. 160, for instance, he says that "The folly of those who set their services to sale, inclines them to boast of qualifications which they do not possess." By the time he was revising this particular *Rambler* for the second time, his habitual compassion for the poor had evidently asserted itself, and he wrote, "The folly or *indigence* of those who set their services to sale, inclines them to boast of qualifications which they do not possess"—a very characteristic touch. What is more, a substantial proportion of Johnson's revisions consists of the substitution of one word for another—most commonly perhaps for the sake of what we should now call "elegant variation," but sometimes also to sharpen meaning. An example of the latter occurs in *Rambler* 150. Here the word "heightened" in the sentence "The lustre of diamonds is invigorated by the interposition of darker bodies; the lights of a picture are *heightened* by the shades" is replaced by "created";



thus, in the final version, the sentence reads "The lustre of diamonds is invigorated by the interposition of darker bodies; the lights of a picture are *created* by the shades." Elsewhere, "It is as possible to become pedantick by fear of pedantry, as to be troublesome by ill-timed *officiousness*" becomes "It is as possible to become pedantick by fear of pedantry, as to be troublesome by ill-timed *civility*"—clearly an improvement. But however numerous such substitutions may be and however frequently Johnson may have amplified phrases, the bulk of his revisions, it seems to me, reflects a desire to compress. If indeed the three ways of making the *Ramblers* better by "putting out, adding, or correcting," then Johnson surely worked somewhat harder at "putting out" than he did at "adding" or "correcting." The remarkable thing, though, is the determination, the manly decisiveness with which he labored at all three.

He did so, as I have already said, at least twice—once for the collected edition in duodecimo of 1752 (which was begun in 1751) and a second time for the so-called fourth edition of 1756, which, according to an entry for January 7, 1756, in Strahan's ledger "was all printed off, except the last two sheets, 18 months ago." In other words, as early as 1751, and then again in 1754 Johnson was busying himself with revisions of the *Rambler*. This much seems indisputable. It has also been affirmed, however, that, even before undertaking these two *major* revisions, Johnson had already *partially* revised the original numbers "for the Edinburgh reprint begun by his friend James Elphinston on June 1, 1750." "The Edinburgh edition of *The Rambler*," writes Professor Bradford, "is important . . .; for, since Johnson occasionally made corrections in the folio numbers before forwarding them to Edinburgh for reproduction, it exhibits the text of *The Rambler* in an intermediate state." Well, maybe so; but certain doubts concerning the soundness of Bradford's view have arisen recently, and it might be worth a few moments of our time to spell out what these doubts are.

It all began with my discovery some time ago of numerous textual differences between copies of the folio *Ramblers*. What happened was this: While I was still in the initial stages of my work on the *Rambler*, Professor James L. Clifford, the dean of American Johnsonians, had thoughtfully offered to place at my disposal a set of the first sixty folio *Ramblers*, which formerly belonged to a nineteenth-century British scholar by the name of

T. Holt White. For his own amusement and edification, it seems, this gentleman had carefully collated the sixty numbers with one of Arthur Murphy's late eighteenth-century editions of the *Rambler*, striking out such words as had been omitted in the later edition and recording additions in the margins. Needless to say, I eagerly embraced Professor Clifford's offer. Here was a chance, I thought, to check my own collation against someone else's and thus, hopefully, to reduce the possibility of error. My delight lasted until, upon comparing my notes with White's, I found rather more discrepancies than I had bargained for. Some of these, to be sure, were caused by errors—White's errors or my own—but others, I discovered to my horror, resulted from the fact that the folio text White had used, the one right in front of me, differed markedly from the one I myself had worked with, a set of folio *Ramblers* from the private collection of Mr. Herman W. Liebert.

Now, there would have been nothing out of the ordinary about all this if the differences had merely been typographical, if, that is to say, I had found a letter dropped in one copy restored in the other, a misprint corrected, or even an omitted word supplied. One would expect to find stop-press corrections of this sort in the original numbers of a periodical, stop-press corrections which did not require authorial intervention, and which could easily have been made by the compositor. But what really disturbed and, at the same time, excited me was that, while the bulk of the differences between White's and my copy was of the sort just described, there were some which were clearly substantive and hence more important. In *Rambler* No. 37, for example, White's folio number read, "The *Pollio* of Virgil, with all its elevation, is a composition truly *rural*." The copy I had used, on the other hand, said, "The *Pollio* of Virgil, with all its elevation, is a composition truly *bucolic*." Or again: the copy of folio *Rambler* No. 45 I had worked with referred to "the immense multiplicity of animal *motions* that must concur to the healthful and vigorous exercise of all our powers," whereas White's copy spoke of "the immense multiplicity of animal *functions* that must concur to the healthful and vigorous exercise of all our powers." Finally, in White's copy of *Rambler* No. 37, the concluding paragraph begins with the words, "The facility of treating *publick subjects* in the pastoral style." The copy from Mr. Liebert's collection reads, "The facility of treating *actions or events* in the pastoral style." "Rural" to "bu-



colic," "animal motions" to "animal functions," "publick subjects" to "actions or events": these are not the sort of changes a printer is likely to have made on his own initiative. The simplest way to explain them is to assume that Johnson himself had intervened. But if he had, then our entire view of Johnson's attitude toward the *Rambler* in its original form will have to be modified. This is the way Mr. David Fleeman, a young English Johnsonian, described the implications of my findings in a letter he wrote to me the summer before the last—after the two of us had spent several hours comparing different copies of the folio *Rambler* in the Hyde Collection: "I am not sure," he says, "how to express my delight in the variants in the folios which you are discovering, without appearing to exult in the extra work which they entail for you. It is undoubtedly a matter of the greatest interest and importance that new and strong evidence of this kind should come to light, which virtually proves Johnson's attendance on the printing shop, and his continued attention to the text. If he did this twice a week, then the time he can have been spending on the Dictionary must have been appreciably less than we had thought, or at least much less than the old tradition that Johnson dashed off a paper and then forgot about it gave grounds for [believing]."

To be so enthusiastic is to ask for trouble, and since he wrote the letter, Mr. Fleeman is likely to have tempered his delight a bit, if only because we somehow inveigled him into sharing the "extra work" he mentions. Since, as librarian of the Hyde Collection, he had ready access to no less than six bound sets of the folio *Rambler*, he was naturally one of the people we asked to compare certain sample numbers so as to determine how widespread the sort of stop-press corrections I had been turning up were. Not that we labored under the illusion that the results of such a comparison would in any way be conclusive. To satisfy ourselves completely we should have had to compare a substantial percentage of the printing—if, as has been supposed, the edition ran to a thousand copies, at least a hundred to two hundred copies of each number—a task of staggering, indeed of unmanageable proportions. But Fleeman's sampling would at least give us a clue, we hoped, as to what such an investigation might disclose. As it happened, his findings were mildly disappointing. Most of the stop-press corrections he and others turned up were of the sort that could have been made without authorial intervention; still, here and there

revisions did come to light that might conceivably have been made by Johnson himself. And, of course, there is always the possibility that further investigation will uncover more.

Now, where does all this leave us? What does it all add up to? In the first place, it seems reasonably clear that Johnson did from time to time supervise the printing of the *Rambler*, perhaps not quite as regularly as Mr. Fleeman had originally supposed, but certainly more often than has previously been thought. Secondly, in view of the sheer physical difficulties as well as the dubious value of comparing hundreds of copies of the folio *Rambler*, I have had to reconcile my editorial conscience to the fact that here and there a change which I record as not having been made before the Edinburgh or the 1752 editions had in reality already been made as a stop-press correction in the folio number. Third and possibly most important, the widely-held theory that Johnson sent copy with occasional textual changes for Elphinston's Edinburgh edition and that therefore this edition exhibits the text of *The Rambler* in an intermediate state may need re-examining. Many of the Edinburgh variants that Professor Bradford so confidently cites in support of this theory have already been identified as stop-press corrections in at least one copy of a folio number, and I strongly suspect that a further search might lead to the discovery that the rest of the Edinburgh variants turned up by Bradford and myself are also, in point of fact, stop-press corrections, already present in hitherto unnoticed or in lost copies of the folio *Rambler*. But this, needless to say, I cannot prove. Not until the overwhelming majority of these variants is actually found in copies of the folio *Ramblers* can we be completely sure that Johnson did not make corrections for Elphinston's Edinburgh edition. Still, with some of the most striking Edinburgh variants already traced back to corrected folio numbers, the evidence seems telling, and in my own mind at least I am fairly certain that the Edinburgh edition is rather less significant than has hitherto been thought. In the absence of a complete collation of all surviving folio numbers, the Edinburgh text continues to be important as a record of some of the corrections Johnson made for these folio numbers, but, if only because it cannot be assumed that Elphinston invariably took his text from a *corrected* folio number, we can no longer maintain that it represents the *Rambler* in an intermediate state. Nor, as I have said before, can we assert that Johnson made changes specifically for the



Edinburgh edition. In short, our views concerning the role of the Edinburgh edition in the history of the transmission of the *Rambler* text need reappraisal. Stumbling upon those stop-press corrections in Professor Clifford's folio numbers has caused a multitude of headaches . . .

And speaking of headaches: perhaps as good a way as any of bringing to an end these random observations on the subject of the dull duty of an editor is to touch briefly on a minor problem that has plagued us most recently—though it may be that we should have dealt with it long ago. I mean the question of the classical mottoes. Each of Johnson's 208 *Rambler* papers is preceded by a Latin or a Greek quotation, which—in the later editions—is accompanied by an English translation either of Johnson's or of someone else's composition. No more than to-day, it would seem, could a writer in the 1750's take for granted the classical learning of his audience. Johnson himself, of course, was steeped in the classics, and Horace, Ovid, Juvenal, Virgil, and Homer—to mention just a few of his favorites—are all constantly pressed into service for epigraphs. Johnson does not bother, however, to provide exact references for these mottoes: he merely prints the names of the authors—often in an abbreviated form, such as JUV. or HOR.—after the quotation. So far as our edition was concerned, it was thus left to the writer of the critical notes, that is to say, to Professor Bate, to supply the exact reference, a task made easier by the fact that a standard nineteenth-century edition of the *Rambler*, that of 1825, had already identified the bulk of the quotations. But what of the text? Even a casual comparison between the text of the classical quotations in the 1825 edition and that in those eighteenth-century editions which were passed by Johnson discloses considerable discrepancies, discrepancies that, as a matter of fact, are not difficult to account for. Like Coleridge, Keats, Hazlitt and others, Johnson, we know, often quoted or rather misquoted from memory, and it could be that the editor of the 1825 edition, having caught Johnson's slips, was merely correcting Johnsonian errors. It could also be, however, that Johnson was drawing his quotations from seventeenth- or eighteenth-century texts of classical authors different from those used more recently: classical scholarship, after all, has not stood still. In that case, of course, the 1825 editor was simply bringing the text up-to-date. Whatever happened, the problems facing the textual editor are vexatious. Is he to reproduce Johnson's

mistakes, if mistakes they were? Is he to track down the editions Johnson himself conceivably used so as to determine whether there is any authority for the reading Johnson gives? Or is he to model himself on the 1825 editor and simply print the accepted modern version of the classical text, regardless of what Johnson himself wrote? And, in any one of these three cases, what sort of textual notes should he supply?

Because of our commitment to reproducing the final text approved by Johnson in normalized proof from his printer, it is fairly clear, I think, that we had to eliminate from the outset the choice made by the editor of the 1825 edition. Just as there could be no tampering with the text of the mottoes, whether these mottoes should turn out to be misquoted or not. Substantive discrepancies as between the text of the mottoes in 1756 and that in the *earlier* editions would, of course, have to be recorded in the textual notes, but the mottoes as they appear in 1756 would have to stand—if for no other reason than that even the way in which Johnson misquotes is frequently of considerable interest. Up to this point, at any rate, all could agree. As much cannot be said about the textual notes. Two views were heard. One held that, given the endless difficulties in which a quest for Johnson's sources was bound to involve the editors, the safest, indeed, the only thing to do was simply to give the exact reference for each motto and, as for the rest, to leave it up to the interested reader to make his own comparisons. Extraordinarily revealing misquotations might occasionally be commented on in the critical notes, but that was to be all. This, the argument ran, was not only accepted editorial procedure, but any other policy would also result in cluttering an already cluttered text with a great many additional notes. The other school of thought, while equally prepared to abandon the search for Johnson's sources, nonetheless insisted on an editor's minimum obligation to draw the reader's attention to discrepancies, whatever their origin, between Johnson's and standard classical texts. This obligation, it was proposed, could best be met by flagging discrepancies and citing in the textual notes a current Loeb reading. At the moment, the issue is still unresolved, but it looks very much as if the second view will prevail. Since in some ways it represents a compromise position, this is perhaps as it should be.

Indeed, as may be true of all human activities, editing the *Rambler* has consisted of a series of compromises between the



urge to come as close as possible to what Johnson actually wrote and the desire to avoid error, between the aspiration to record all changes with an indication of when they were made and the recognition that it is quite impossible to track down every last stop-press correction, between the wish to give the reader as much information about the mottoes as is feasible and an awareness of the practical limits to which annotation may go—compromises, in a word, with perfection. Frustrating all this may be, but, Pope's understandably jaundiced view notwithstanding, it is scarcely dull—at least, not consistently so. There are just too many problems to keep the editor on his toes.

Even collating, that least exhilarating part of an editor's task, has its moments of exultation. They don't come very often, I admit, but when they do, they amply compensate for the anguish of many days of utter boredom. Take my experience with *Rambler* No. 204, for instance. A sort of Ur-*Rasselas*, this and the following *Rambler* describe an Ethiopian ruler's vain pursuit of happiness. The man's name is Seged rather than Rasselas, and the palace of *Dambea*, "which stood in an island cultivated only for pleasure," takes the place of the Happy Valley, but the general drift of the narrative clearly anticipates that of the later novel. Happiness, Johnson seeks to establish, is beyond man's grasp. Thus, at the end of the very first day of his quest, a day frittered away in futile attempts to decide "where he should begin his circle of happiness," Seged declares sadly, "Such . . . is the longest day of human existence: Before we have learned to use it, we find it at an end." So at least read all editions since 1756—up to and including the Rinehart paperback volume which I used with a class only last spring. But this reading doesn't really make sense. Why should the day Seged spent so indecisively be like "the *longest* day of human existence"? After all, the whole point of the episode is that the day had slipped by imperceptibly. Why, then, "longest"? Wouldn't "shortest" have been much the more suitable word? The solution to our problem is to be found in the first two editions: what Johnson actually wrote, it turns out, was not "longest" but "longer." Once we realize this, Seged's exclamation suddenly makes sense. "Such," said Seged, sighing, "is the *longer* day of human existence: Before we have learned to use it, we find it at an end." He is comparing life with the day he spent so irresolutely: life, he is saying, may be longer than the day he has just wasted, but it is just as unprofitable. With the substitu-

tion of the comparative for the superlative Johnson's intended meaning has been recovered.

Or consider another example. In *Rambler* No. 173 Johnson protests against talking down to the ladies. The assumption, he writes, that "whoever desires to be well received in female assemblies, must qualify himself by a total rejection of all that is serious, rational, or important," is unwarranted and outmoded. "Whatever might be the state of female literature in the last century," he goes on to point out, "there is now no longer any danger lest the scholar should want an adequate audience at the tea-table." But men of letters fail to realize this. "Students," Johnson explains, "often form their notions of the present generation from the writings of the past, and are not very early informed of those changes which the gradual diffusion of knowledge, or the sudden caprice of fashion, produces in the world." True, the sentence makes perfect sense as it stands; still, when I found that the folio, instead of saying "Students often form their notions of the present generation from the writings of the *past*," read "Students often form their notions of the *present* generation from the writings of the *last*," I felt reasonably certain that the later reading was not a revision, but a textual corruption. To say the least, it seemed unlikely that Johnson would deliberately sacrifice his neat antithetical structure for so indifferent a word as "past." But on this point I could be wrong.

It is puzzles of this sort, at any rate, which cause the collator to sit up. Eye-straining and back-breaking his task certainly is, but it does have rewards—rewards that are all the more pleasing, of course, when what is being collated happens to be a work as accomplished as the *Rambler*. "My other works," Johnson is reputed to have said, "are wine and water: but my *Rambler* is pure wine." To have purged the *Rambler* of impurities, to have replenished its alcoholic content by even so much as a trifle is something. And what I have been saying of collating goes for the rest of an editor's duties as well. Johnson himself, it will be remembered, could hardly contain his impatience with Pope's sneering reference to "the dull duty of an editor." In ringing tones he speaks of the "comprehension," the "knowledge," and the "taste" required for editing. And his concluding sentence disposes of the subject once and for all. "Let us now," says he, "be told no more of the dull duty of an editor." It could not have been said better.



## Chairman's Report

It is debilitating in statements of this sort to have to consider the financial advantages, disadvantages and "challenges" of the past year; and further to orient these to the future which is upon us with the word itself. However, it is the time of year for messages, and things fiscal tend to comprise such messages. We are not ruled as much by clocks as by rocks, and in this case the Keeper of the Rocks happens to be the State legislative committees on finance.

In brief, we are closer to our Special Collections library than we were this time last year, which is heartening to a degree. But the State has not as yet come up with any funds through which federal matching sources can be sought, and so we are far short of the one and three-quarter million dollar goal. Since the undergraduate library is already taken care of and will be built soon, the Friends must now focus attention on the capstone, so to speak, of the library program which consists finally of a really exciting and even elegant building to serve as showplace and superior study facility of the rare gems of the special collections.

The project is at least \$150,000 richer this year due to the bequest of Dr. Jacocks and funds allocated by Mr. Frank Kenan as trustee to Sarah Graham Kenan.

It is to be hoped that further funds will be forthcoming from interest stimulated by this body and that they will accrue during the next interval to move our planning state much closer to reality. It is redundant, but any assistance members can muster with regard to the legislature could be an even bigger boost than the contribution of money.

Let us hope we have better prospects next year for the final assault.

FRANK BORDEN HANES, *Chairman*

## Report of the Secretary

The Secretary has the responsibility for accounting for those of our Friends who can no longer come, and for others who would be pleased to be with us but are prevented by reason of distance or some other unusual circumstance.

This year has cost us dearly in the membership of distinguished Friends who, in many cases, have joined in our fellowship for many years. For those who have passed on since our last meeting on April 27, 1964, we here record the regrets of all their friends. No longer among us are: Rayford Alley, Dudley Bagley, Miss Georgia Faison, Daniel Gold, Mrs. Walter Golde, Louis Graves, Dr. W. P. Jacocks, Mrs. Alfred Linde, Rt. Rev. Reginald Mallett, Richard McKenna, John L. Morehead, Mrs. Howard W. Odum and Robert H. Wettach.

We welcome to this fellowship four great names to be added to the list of Life Members. Their names are reported elsewhere by the Nominating Committee and will not be repeated here. Many of their peers have sent us notes of regret for their absence tonight. Among these are Dr. Joseph E. Pogue, George Watts Hill, Preston Davie, James G. Hanes, Madame Eric van Lennep, Fred Wolfe, George M. Stephens and Ellis Knowles. I am asked to convey to you the personal messages of our distinguished Chairman, Frank Borden Hanes, who cannot be with us tonight because of a long-standing conflict in date; the Honorable Luther Hodges, who is absent abroad; President William C. Friday, who had a conflicting appointment, and Professor William B. Aycock, who is prevented only by illness from joining us.

This year for the first time in several decades we note the absence of the founder of the Friends of the Library, Dr. L. R. Wilson. Nothing less than a hospital bed would keep him from being with us and with this notice, we wish to express our sincere hope that he will shortly quit the bed and resume his characteristic activity in the Library so that we can count on his presence at our next meeting.

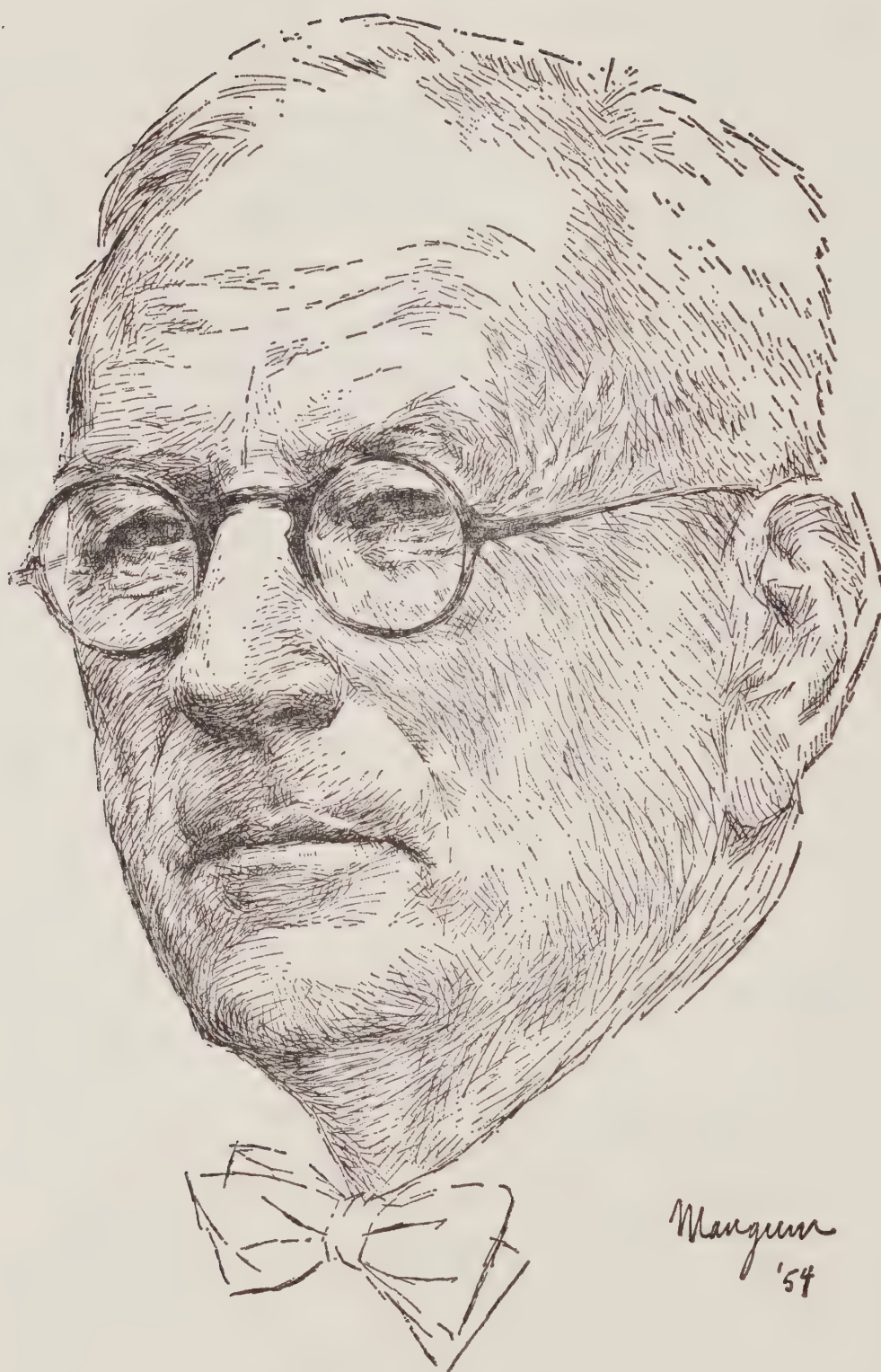
Our Friends of the Library organization now numbers 386 active members. Although we lose some of our venerable seniors each year, it is with considerable pleasure that we note the additions among the new members who pick up where the work of others must end. Our numbers are not great but their influ-



ence is enormous. A very considerable part of the growth and acceptance our Library has throughout the State is a clear tribute to the capacities and good will of the Friends of the Library.

Each year as the University Librarian, I keep wishing that there were more and better opportunities for me to have closer personal contact with each of the members. Each year as our Library grows and its activities become more complex, I find myself more regretful that I cannot do more together with you. We have this one occasion of the year when we bring together some members of the Friends of the Library who are nearby to try to express our gratitude for their good work. It is a small way of saying how much we value it, but it is better than none. It would be my hope that Friends will, as Friends always do, be patient and ever thoughtful of those problems which make it difficult for us to be closer than we are. Because of your patience and thoughtfulness we have even more reason for expressing our thanks to all of our good Friends. In this brief note, I speak not only for myself, but for the staff of the University Library, and for the University as a whole.

JERROLD ORNE, *Secretary*





# Homage to William Picard Jacocks

William Picard Jacocks was born at Windsor, North Carolina, on December 9, 1877, and died at the same place, in the Bertie County Memorial Hospital, on February 17, 1965. He was a member of a family long established and widely connected in Bertie and neighboring counties. Two of his name were students at the University of North Carolina prior to the Civil War: Thomas Stephenson Jacocks, A.B., 1836, a planter of Durant's Neck in Perquimans County, and Jesse Copeland Jacocks, a non-graduate of the Class of 1855, also from Perquimans County and later captain of Company L of the North Carolina Bethel Regiment, C.S.A.

William P. Jacocks attended Trinity School at Chocowinity in Beaufort County and in 1898 entered the University of North Carolina from which he graduated with the A.B. degree in 1904, his education having been interrupted by dropouts to earn money to enable himself and other members of his family to attend college. He earned the M.A. degree at the University of North Carolina while serving as an assistant in French during the year 1904-1905 and after teaching two years at the Bingham School in Asheville returned to enter the University's two-year Medical School, from which he went on to secure the M.D. degree from the University of Pennsylvania. He interned at the Allegheny General Hospital in Pittsburgh and subsequently took a Doctor of Public Health degree at the Johns Hopkins University. In 1954 he was awarded the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws by the University of North Carolina.

Following the completion of his internship, Dr. Jacocks worked for a time with the North Carolina State Board of Health and in 1914 joined the International Health Board of the Rockefeller Commission where he remained until his retirement at the age of sixty-five in 1942. In this capacity, first in the West Indies and later and longer in India and Ceylon, he became an authority on hookworm disease, a subject on which he prepared and published a number of papers. Upon his retirement from the Rockefeller Commission he again joined the North Carolina State Board of Health, serving as director of the Division of Nutrition from 1945 until his second retirement from public health work in 1948. In that year he came to

Chapel Hill and lived at the Carolina Inn until a few weeks before his death when he went to Bertie County to be with relatives and to await the end which he knew was rapidly approaching.

Dr. Jacocks was a man who combined almost unbounded energy with a remarkable versatility. As a student he belonged to the Philanthropic Literary Society, the Kappa Alpha Fraternity, the Gorgon's Head, and was one of the founders of the Senior Order of the Golden Fleece. For academic excellence he was elected to the Alpha Theta Phi Society which later became the University of North Carolina Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa. On the gridiron he was among North Carolina's all-time great quarterbacks, and a gifted athlete on the track and tennis courts. Of him in this respect Dr. Kemp P. Battle wrote in his *History of the University of North Carolina* (II, 751), "Jacocks . . . was, with the exception of [Louis] Graves, the best drop kicker yet upon the Hill, and was the fastest man in college."

Athletic events were an abiding interest to Dr. Jacocks until the end of his days. Following his retirement to Chapel Hill he was one of the most loyal supporters of the University's football and basketball teams. He never missed a home game and seldom missed a football practice, and he could recite the origin, age, weight, and potentiality of every North Carolina player as well as the same for many of those on opposing teams.

Another consuming interest of his was Bertie County, its people, and its history. At the time of his death he had assembled a large collection of North Caroliniana for a projected public library in the town of Windsor, and for a number of years he had been collecting materials and working on a history of his native county.

Of especial significance to this gathering was Dr. Jacock's interest in the University of North Carolina and in particular the University Library which he remembered generously in his will and to which he made many valuable gifts during his lifetime. To the Ackland Museum he gave a magnificent collection of etchings, lithographs, and wood engravings, containing works by every important print maker in the United States in recent years, as well as many examples of earlier English and continental masters, and said by some to be, except for the Library of Congress, one of the most complete collections of its kind in existence.

Artifacts which he gave to the University Library include



an unusual collection of some 650 celery glasses, assembled in the pursuit of a hobby which grew out of his once buying a celery glass to use as a vase for flowers; a seventeenth-century jade book-rest; a handsome rosewood desk and chair; and a valuable collection of exquisite ivory and teakwood carvings, metal work, and glass ware illustrative of the arts and crafts of India and Ceylon.

Among the hundreds of books which he gave to the Library were the magnificent set of Mark Catesby's *Natural history of Carolina*; a fine copy of Ralph Higden's *Polychronicon*, printed in Westminster by Wynkyn de Worde in 1495, the Library's first English incunabulum; first editions of the works of O. Henry; materials by and about Thomas Wolfe; a complete set of the Heritage Club books; continuing additions to Limited Editions Club publications; and his own private library on public health and medicine; also *A description of the East India Coasts of Malabar and Coromandel and of the empire of Ceylon* by Philip Baldeus, a rare and important work printed in London in 1703; palm leaf books from India and Ceylon; and a book of laid-in original water color drawings of Chinese emperors, prime ministers, governors, etc.

In addition to the prints, already mentioned as having gone to the Ackland Museum, Dr. Jacocks established and developed other special collections in the Library. One of these relates to athletics, its purpose being to record the past, to strengthen current study and training, to stimulate student interest and pride, and to increase the realization that there are important intellectual processes in athletics and physical education. Included in this collection is a copy of Walter Camp's *American football*, first edition, signed by the author.

Another Jacocks collection specializes in maps and prints relating to the South and to North Carolina in particular. Among these are maps by many of the world's most famous cartographers, such as Mercator-Hondius (1633), Janzoon (1654), Basset (1676), Fry and Jefferson (1692), Bowen (1752), Mauzon (1775), Tanner (1823) and scores of others.

The University of North Carolina will be long indebted to Dr. Jacocks for his many gifts which might be characterized as a blend of personal sentiment, University tradition, and the genuine enrichment of Library holdings.

LAWRENCE F. LONDON AND JAMES W. PATTON

# Report of the Nominating Committee

The Nominating Committee of the Friends of the Library submits the following slate of officers for the year 1965-1966:

FRANK BORDEN HANES, *Chairman*

MISS GERTRUDE WEIL, *Vice-Chairman* for a three-year period, replacing George Watts Hill whose term expires this month.

JERROLD ORNE, *Secretary*

J. A. BRANCH, *Treasurer*

JAMES G. HANES, *Honorary Chairman*

MRS. LYMAN A. COTTEN, *Honorary Secretary*

DOUGALD MACMILLAN, *Member of the Executive Committee*

The Committee is pleased to nominate for Life Membership the following members for their generous donations of books or funds:

Douglas Horner  
Frank Kenan

J. H. Lineberger  
Edwin T. P. Boone, Jr.

CLIFFORD P. LYONS, *Chairman*  
FLETCHER M. GREEN  
HARRY BERGHOLZ

## Treasurer's Report

Cash Balance April 20, 1964 ----- \$3,110.79

### Receipts:

Donations by members ----- \$2,267.40

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\$5,378.19

### Expenditures

Annual Dinner ----- \$ 530.04

Books and Recordings ----- \$215.80

Bookmark ----- \$233.90

\$979.74      \$ 979.74

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Cash Balance April 13, 1965 ----- \$4,398.45



## Noteworthy Acquisitions

As it was noted in previous annual surveys, so again during the past year the Whitaker Fund has been our most abundant source. In number 33 of *THE BOOKMARK*, it was said that "while he was alive William Asbury Whitaker was . . . a very active and generous Friend of the Library. However, his death which occurred in 1960 did not signify the end of his benefactions. Under the terms of his will, the Library continues to receive each year substantial sums of money to be used primarily to strengthen our collections in English and American literature. Thus literally thousands of books bearing the Whitaker bookplate are being added each year." Many of these contain the work of minor and generally forgotten writers, which is hardly astonishing since the better known authors were already well represented in our collections. Still, this undergrowth of the literature in bygone ages is of considerable interest to social and literary historians and it represents material which is often extremely difficult to locate. Thanks to the flow of Whitaker gifts, the Library is now able to acquire some of it in successive stages. Recently, our collecting efforts have been directed mainly at the areas of nineteenth century popular fiction in England and the United States, but also at the creative literature produced in the Australian orbit. Is it fair to select any one of these titles as being representative of these groups? Probably not, but to give a concrete idea of what is meant, the risk of unfairness has to be incurred. Anyway, here is our sample (and a charming volume it turns out to be for the curio hunter):

Samuel Lover. *Handy Andy*, a tale of Irish life. With 24 illustrations on steel by the author. London, 1842 (1st ed.)

Apart from the above mentioned areas of "minor" literature, our collections have been enriched by a considerable number of truly noteworthy Whitaker acquisitions (mostly first or otherwise important editions) of which the following list of samples indicates the range:

*The annales of England, faithfully collected out of the most autentically authors, records and other monuments of antiquitie.* By John Stow, Citizen of London. Imprinted at London by Ralfe Newbery in 1592. The author, John Stow, 1525?-1605, was considered the most accurate historian of his time. The work first appeared in 1580 under the title *The chronicles of England*.

Among the seventeenth century titles recently added are: *Inscriptiones historicae regum Scotorum*, by John Johnston; Amsterdam, Cornelius Claessonius, 1602.

A first edition of *The poems of Michael Drayton, esquier. Collected into one volume with sondry peeces inserted never before imprinted*. London, John Smethwick, 1619.

*The historie of the life and death of Mary Stuart, queen of Scotland*. By William Udall. London, printed by John Haviland for Richard Whitaker, 1624.

A fine (rebound) copy of the second edition of Robert Burton's *Anatomy of melancholy*, corrected and augmented by the author. Oxford, printed by John Lichfield and James Short, 1624.

A copy, beautifully bound in full calf, of *Annales; the true and royall history of the famous empresse Elizabeth, queene of England France and Ireland . . .* Written by William Camden in Latin and translated into English by Abraham Darcy. London, Benjamin Fisher, 1625. William Camden, 1551-1623, published his Latin edition of the life of Elizabeth in 1615.

*Certaine miscellany works of the right honourable, Francis lo. Verulam, Viscount S. Albans*. London, John Haviland, 1629. This work of Lord Bacon's was edited by William Rawley, 1588-1667.

The first separate edition of *The muses looking-glasse*, by Thomas Randolph, 1605-1635. Oxford, Leonard Lichfield for Francis Bowman, 1638. This is an exceedingly rare edition of one of Randolph's best known plays.

*The countess of Pembrokes Arcadia*, written by Sir Philip Sidney. This ninth edition, published at London for J. Waterson and R. Young in 1638, is the earliest the University Library owns of Sidney's famous romance. The first edition appeared in 1590.

An interesting work by Charles I, King of England, entitled, *A large declaration concerning the late tumults in Scotland, from their first originals . . .* London, printed by Robert Young, his Majesties Printer for Scotland, 1639. Bound in dark brown leather with the royal arms of England on the covers. The frontispiece is a portrait of Charles I.

Ovid's *Metamorphosis* in the translation of F. G. Sandys, published at London in 1640.

The first illustrated Latin language edition of the *Fables* of Phaedrus, printed at Amsterdam by Johann Janssonius in



1667. This copy is handsomely bound in full blue morocco and decorated with gold tooling.

An excellent copy of the first edition of Milton's *Paradise regain'd. To which is added Samson Agonistes*. London, printed by J. M. for John Starkey, 1671. This is also the first appearance of *Samson Agonistes*, which has a separate title-page and pagination.

*The history of the most renowned Don Quixote of Mancha and his trusty squire, Sancho Pancha*. Now made English according to the humour of our modern language, by John Phillips. London, Thomas Hodgkin, 1687. The translator, John Phillips, 1631-1706, was a nephew of John Milton. This folio edition is illustrated with copper plates, one of which portrays Don Quixote's famous encounter with the windmills.

Among the eighteenth century imprints acquired in the past year are:

The first edition of Joseph Addison's *Remarks on several parts of Italy*, published in 1705 at London by Jacob Tonson. These notes on his travels were made during the years 1701-1703.

Matthew Prior. *Carmen saeculare*. London, 1700.

*A legacy for the ladies; or, Characters of the Women of the age*, by the seventeenth century satirist, Thomas Brown. London, printed by H. Meere, 1705. Thomas Brown, 1663-1704, is best known for his verses beginning "I do not love thee, Dr. Fell."

John Toland. *An account of the courts of Prussia and Hanover*. London, 1705.

John Toland. *The state-anatomy of Great Britain*. London, 1717.

An interesting work on demonology and witchcraft by Daniel Defoe entitled, *The history of the devil, as well antient as modern*, published at London by T. Warner, about 1726.

George Granville Lansdowne, baron. *The genuine works in verse and prose*. London, 1732.

A first edition of *An enquiry concerning the principles of morals*, by David Hume. London, A. Millar, 1751.

David Hume. *Essays on suicide*. London, 1783.

Charles Churchill. *Poems*. 2 vols. London, 1763-65.

Hannah More. *Essays on various subjects*. London, 1777.

Arthur Clough. *Poems*. Cambridge, 1862.

Anthony Trollope. *Marion Fay*. 3 vols. London, 1882.

George Meredith's *The egoist: A comedy in narrative*. London, Kegan Paul, 1879.

George Moore. *Spring days*. London, 1888.

In the field of Americana, the following titles are outstanding:

The first complete edition of that landmark item of Americana: *The Federalist: A collection of essays, written in favour of the new constitution, as agreed upon by the Federal Convention, September 17, 1787*. New York, printed and sold by J. and A. M'Lean, 1788.

*Éloge civique de Benjamin Franklin, prononcé, le 21 Juillet 1790, dans la Rotonde, au nom de la commune de Paris, par M. l'abbé Fauchet*. Paris, 1790.

A rare eighteenth century imprint: *The Ladies' philosophy of love, a poem, in four cantos*. Written in 1774 by Charles Stearns. Published in Leominster, Mass., by John Prentiss, 1797.

*A history of New York, from the beginning of the world to the end of the Dutch dynasty . . .* by Diedrich Knickerbocker [Washington Irving] New York, published by Inskeep and Bradford, 1809. This is a first edition of Washington Irving's second literary work and one of his most popular.

The first edition of James Fenimore Cooper's first book, *Precaution, a novel*. In two volumes. New York, A. T. Goodrich and Co., 1820.

*A historical discourse, delivered before the citizens of Concord, 12th September, 1835*. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. Concord, G. F. Bemis, printer, 1835. This title is the second published work by Emerson, the first having been printed in 1832. It is a pamphlet of fifty-two pages in its original blue wrapper. The address was given on the occasion of the two hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of Concord.

A first edition of Nathaniel Hawthorne's third published book, *Twice-told Tales*. Boston, American Stationers Co., John B. Russell, 1837.

The fourth edition of Walt Whitman's *Leaves of grass*, published at New York in 1867. All of the several editions of this work are important, since Whitman rewrote and added to each.

"*The heathen Chinee*" by Bret Harte; with illustrations by Sol Eytinge, printed by James R. Osgood at Boston in 1871. This is the first edition of the poem and, according to Osgood,



“the only illustrated edition of the poem published with the author’s sanction.”

The first American edition of Henry James’ most famous novel, *Portrait of a lady*. Boston, Houghton, Mifflin, 1882. The first edition appeared in London in 1881.

In the field of nineteenth century English authors we added:

*Poems, in two volumes*, by William Wordsworth. London, Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme, 1807.

*Emma: A novel in three volumes*, by the author of *Pride and Prejudice*. London, John Murray, 1816.

A notable rarity, *Prometheus unbound, a lyrical drama in four acts with other poems*, by Percy Bysshe Shelley. London, C. and J. Ollier, 1820.

Mrs. Frances Trollope. *The mother’s manual*. London, 1833.

Mrs. Frances Trollope. *Vienna and the Austrians*. 2 vols. London, 1838.

Walter Savage Landor. *Letters of a conservative*. London, 1836.

Frederick Marryat. *Masterman Ready*. 3 vols. London, 1841-45.

Frederick Marryat. *The children of the New Forest*. 2 vols. London, 1847.

Benjamin Disraeli: *Sybil; or, The two nations*. Published in three volumes by Henry Colburn in 1845.

A rare minor work of William Makepeace Thackeray, *Mrs. Perkins’s ball*. London, Chapman and Hall, 1847.

A first issue of the first edition of Charles Reade’s *The Cloister and the hearth*. London, Trubner and Co., 1861. In four volumes.

The twentieth century is represented in the past year’s acquisitions by a number of English and American first editions, including the following titles:

*The way of all flesh*, by Samuel Butler. London, G. Richards, 1903.

James Stephens’ *The crock of gold*. London, Macmillan, 1912.

*Within the tides*. Tales by Joseph Conrad. London, J. M. Dant, 1915.

*The Hawbucks*, by John Masefield, published at London

by William Heinemann, 1929. Inscribed on flyleaf: "For Gilbert Murray from John Masefield."

A fine copy of Archibald MacLeish's first published book, *Tower of ivory*. New Haven, Yale University Press, 1917.

*This side of paradise*, by F. Scott Fitzgerald. New York, Scribner, 1920. The author's first book.

Willa Cather's Pulitzer Prize winning novel. *One of ours*. published by Knopf in 1922.

*The garbage man; a parade with shouting*, by John Dos Passos. Harper published this edition of Dos Passos' play in 1926.

*Eimi*, by E. E. Cummings. New York, Covici, Friede, 1933. The author's diary, May 10-June 14, 1931, recorded during his trip to Russia and Turkey. This copy is signed by Cummings.

Marianne Moore's poems entitled, *Like a bulwark*, published by the Viking Press in 1956.

We also acquired an interesting eighteen-volume set of novels by William Dean Howells coming from the library of his friend and lecture manager, James B. Pond. Several of the volumes contain revealing comments in Howells' own handwriting, e.g. in *Venetian life*; "The book that made friends with fortune for me," in *Dr. Breen's practice*, "A good piece of work I thought"; in *A modern instance*, "The strongest." *Indian summer* receives the laurel wreath: "The one I like best."

Through the Whitaker Fund, a most significant incunabulum has also been added to the Rare Book Collection: *Aristophanis Comoediae Novem*. This is a superbly preserved folio size copy of the first edition of nine comedies of Aristophanes, printed at Venice by Aldus Manutius in 1498. This edition of the comedies of Aristophanes was published under the supervision of the Greek scholar Marcus Musurus, 1470-1517, who was for a decade associated with Aldus in the editing and printing of Greek authors. The volume contains nine of the eleven extant plays of Aristophanes, omitting *Lysistrata* and *Thesmophoriazusae*. It also includes lengthy commentaries on the plays, and a life of Aristophanes by an anonymous author. The first page of each play has a decorated border and initial. The book is a folio of 347 leaves, and is bound in contemporary limp vellum.

The Manuscripts Department of the University of North Carolina Library has recently acquired the papers of Colonel Leonidas Lafayette Polk (1837-1892), North Carolina farmer, first commissioner of agriculture for North Carolina, founder



of the *Progressive Farmer*, president of the National Farmers' Alliance, and prominent Populist party leader. One of the most significant groups of papers still in private hands at the time of their acquisition for the Southern Historical Collection, these materials relate to the various periods of Colonel Polk's career and illuminate the numerous activities in which he was engaged.

The approximately 2,500 items including 35 manuscript volumes contain Civil War letters of Polk while serving first as sergeant-major in the Twenty-sixth North Carolina Regiment and later as a second-lieutenant in the Forty-third (his title of "colonel" was a militia designation) and letters while he was in the State Legislature during the session of 1864-1865 to which he was elected after leaving the army. Other phases of Polk's career which are depicted in the papers include his farming operations in Anson County; his administration of the State Department of Agriculture which he advocated vigorously from 1870 until its establishment in 1877; and his career as editor of the *Raleigh News and Observer*, 1880-1881, and as editor of the *Progressive Farmer* which he founded in 1886 to teach Southern farmers better agricultural methods but which soon came to take an interest in politics as well. Of especial importance is Polk's correspondence as national vice-president and later president of the Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union which he helped to transform into the Populist party, on the national ticket of which he would undoubtedly have been given first or second place in 1892 except for his untimely death in June of that year. A sizable group of the papers relate to an interesting but little known enterprise of Colonel Polk, the manufacture and sale of a diphtheria cure which he promoted in Boston and New York as well as in Raleigh.

Along with the papers came two bound volumes containing the almost complete file of the *Ansonian*, 1874-1875 and 1876-1877, a weekly edited by Polk at Polkton before his going to Raleigh, and a large number of broadsides, pamphlets, and other printed items relating to the Farmers' Alliance—all of which were transferred to the North Carolina Collection.

Funds from the John Sprunt Hill Endowment were used to purchase for the North Carolina Collection a copy of *A candid narrative of the rise and progress of the Herrnhuters, commonly call'd Moravians or Unitas Fratrum* by Henry Rimius (see illustration facing page xx). Printed in London in

1753, the book is dedicated "To the most Reverend His Grace The Lord Arch-Bishop of Canterbury." The large number of Moravians who settled in North Carolina beginning in 1753 were important in the history of the colony. This book, by any standard, would be a useful supplementary source for a study of them. Back of this book lies an interesting story. Before taking up land in North Carolina the leaders of the Moravians, also called *Unitas Fratrum* or the United Brethren, wanted to be certain that their church would not be handicapped by laws which recognized the Church of England and the Established Church in North Carolina. They obtained a Parliamentary Settlement which decided that the United Brethren composed an episcopal church which would have equality with the Established Church.

The North Carolina Collection has a unique 1755 broadside printing of an Act of the General Assembly of North Carolina which recognized this action by Parliament. The Assembly erected a part of Rowan County into a Parish to be called Wachovia and encouraged the Moravians to come to the colony and enjoy all of the privileges extended to other subjects of the Crown.

This new acquisition, Rimius' book, came to the North Carolina Collection nearly fifty years after the 1755 broadside which was a part of the Stephen B. Weeks Collection purchased by the University Trustees in 1918. The dedication to the Archbishop of Canterbury and the reference in the dedication itself to the recent Parliamentary Settlement suggest that this was a work of thanksgiving for favors received by the Moravians in England. The results of the favors, certainly in part, gave the Moravians in North Carolina a much happier life than they would otherwise have had. These conclusions become obvious only by studying these two seemingly unrelated publications. Neither of them alone tells the story.

Among recent noteworthy acquisitions we must this year also mention several groups of sound recordings, both of music and the spoken word. The Undergraduate Library received from Mr. George Watts Hill, Sr. a twelve-disk set of "Winston S. Churchill: his memoirs and speeches, 1918 to 1945," published by the London Record Company in 1964. The Music Library is deriving great benefit from a generous gift of over 750 recordings as well as a collection of scores and sound reproduction equipment. The donor is Dr. Virgil Jordan.



Another outstanding acquisition in the Music Library is a collection of 210 LP-disks, entitled *The Sound of Africa series* which is devoted to the folk music of Africa. Edited by Mr. Hugh Tracey, director of African Music Research in Johannesburg, these records contain 3000 separate items representing 128 African languages. The collection is enhanced by a card catalog of approximately 8000 entries that includes complete indexing of song types, languages used, and musical instruments employed. The cards bear detailed notes concerning the importance of the material being played, information about the performances, and, in many instances, texts and their translations.

The language classification is based upon linguistic studies made in the Department of Bantu Studies at the University of Witwatersrand. These are organized into Zones, Groups, Languages and Dialects. The classification of musical instruments is based on a physical description of the method of tone production and is an adaptation of the system developed by Sachs and Hornbostel.

Handbooks are included, with explanatory material for the librarian and scholar. This collection is a singularly important addition to the Music Library's growing collection of ethnic materials and sound recordings.

In addition to expected heavy use by faculty and students in the areas of folklore and folk music, it is expected that persons in linguistics and African studies will find the collection of great interest and value.





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# THE BOOKMARK

*Friends of the University of North Carolina Library*

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July 1966

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# The North Carolina Archive of Folk Lore and Music

by

WILTON E. MASON AND DANIEL W. PATTERSON

Comments on the Broadway theater usually make it out to be a rather fabulous invalid, forever supposed to be on its last legs, but never quite dead. Throughout much of the discussion of folklore one finds the same refrain expressed in an urgent call to collect materials before they have vanished or become hopelessly contaminated, or in cries of despair over the loss of old folkways. And yet each new generation continues to find, to its amazement, that the hardy invalid still flourishes.

It was for this reason that two years ago several members of the University community began talking together of establishing a folklore archive. Professor Jan P. Schinhan had long been urging this step, and the time now seemed ripe for action. Wilson Library had just received a gift from Professor Arthur Palmer Hudson, consisting of a large collection of field recordings and manuscripts assembled during his long and distinguished career of teaching, studying, and writing about folklore at the University. We therefore approached the University administration and the Wilson Library, and found in Dr. Jerrold Orne a generous supporter. Mr. William Powell kindly made space in the North Carolina Room. With a temporary home and the Arthur Palmer Hudson collection as a nucleus, we established The North Carolina Archive of Folk Lore and Music.

The first aim of the Archive has been to prevent the dispersal of materials already collected. Many fine scholars and field workers have collected in the state, and their store of materials often dates from a time when acculturation had a negligible effect on folklore. It is our hope that these collections may be secured for the Archive, which is their proper home, and not be lost to out-of-state repositories.

Neither these collections, however, nor the seven-volume *Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore* can stand as a finished monument over the body of a dead folk tradition in the state. In many of our counties where little or no collecting has ever been done the traditional lore is still lively.

We also have communities where a marked degree of separatism and distinctive ways of thought have persisted, as among the Waldensians and the Crusoe Islanders, and these offer possibilities for fruitful specialized research. The traditions of the Lumbee and Haliwar Indians and the whole area of Negro folk music have received little attention. Appalachian instrumental music is another promising field.

In the past year the Archive has taken its first steps toward gathering in some of these riches. It has acquired some special items, such as a thirty-minute film of the singing of *Christian Harmony* spirituals by a group from the mountain community of Etowah. Students enrolled in undergraduate courses have made field recordings and a graduate student has collected and written a master's thesis on Negro songs. These materials have been deposited in the Archive. Several outstanding folklorists in the state have also donated materials. From Professor Jan P. Schinhan the Archive received a collection of field recordings, and Dr. Isaac G. Greer has undertaken to record for us his entire repertory of folk songs and ballads. While not as sizeable as that great pumpkin in which, according to the Georgia folk-tale, a farmer lost his mule and wagon for a week, The North Carolina Archive of Folk Lore and Music shows promise of growth.



# North Carolina Folk Songs and Ballads

Presented by

ISAAC G. GREER

Many people expect to hear folk songs only from the illiterate in distant mountain coves or, latterly, from bearded and guitar-strumming crooners. A significant fact about the history of folklore in North Carolina has been, however, that some of the genuine bearers of the folk tradition are also active collectors and leaders in the affairs of the state. Dr. Isaac G. Greer is a notable example. Born to the ballad-singing heritage in Watauga County, and proud of this, he has also served North Carolina in politics, education, religious and humanitarian work, and commerce. He spent a term in the General Assembly, taught for many years at Appalachian State Teachers College, was for sixteen years the General Superintendent of the Baptist Orphanage in Thomasville, and subsequently held the post of Executive Vice President with the Business Foundation, Inc., in Chapel Hill. During the course of this year he has been honored with an award for service to mankind from the Sertoma Club, and Appalachian State Teachers College has dedicated to him its newest building.

Although Dr. Greer has traveled far and wide since his boyhood in Watauga County, he has never lost his love of the songs he learned there. He has performed them frequently in this country and in England. Laymen and folklorists alike value the faithfulness with which he has preserved the songs and the traditional song style. For *The North Carolina Archive of Folk Lore and Music*, Dr. Greer has recently recorded his entire repertory of songs and ballads. A sampling of his songs and experiences as a collector is contained in the following transcription of his talk to the annual meeting of the Friends of the Library in Chapel Hill on April 22, 1966.—D.W.P.

I'm too human not to keenly appreciate these words of introduction. I find myself rather ill at ease, being asked to appear before so many scholars—and folks who think you're scholars. I don't mind talking to scholars, but I always find it very difficult to talk to folks who think they're scholars. And

I repeat that I'm rather ill at ease. Jack was driving a pair of mules to a wagon, up in the hills. Got into camp about an hour late. The captain laid in on him and said, "What this mean, you coming in an hour late?" He said, "Boss, I'll tell you. About a mile and a half down the road, my preacher got in the wagon with me, and after he got in the wagon the mules didn't understand my language any more." I don't mean to suggest I'm talking to mules now, but I don't know whether you'll understand my language or not. I was born up in the mountains. They asked Eli Tucker where he lived, and Eli said, "I live on Rough and Rowdy Branch. The further up you go, the rougher they are, and I live in the last house." Well, I was born just above where Eli lived. And that's where I learned the ballads and folk songs.

It's gratifying to know that after many years folklore is beginning to be recognized, both in this state and in the nation, as a real contribution to our heritage. It is perhaps the oldest of our arts, if you can call it an art. Primitive people before they could read and write, could express their deepest emotions by singing the ballads and folk songs. The plowman in the field, the carpenter at the bench, the blacksmith at the forge, the woman at the loom, the spinning wheel and cradle, could express their faith, their hope, their love, their disappointments and hatreds, and even their humor, by singing these interesting songs.

Now I don't claim to be any authority on folklore. I would hesitate to say anything about it, particularly in the presence of these scholars, but it's a part of my own life, it's a part of the very fiber of my being. One of my earliest recollections was to hear my father and mother and the neighbors singing ballads and folksongs. My parents were married over in Kentucky—Pike County, Kentucky—near where the Hatfield-McCoy feud was fought. My older brothers and sisters were born there. I didn't want to be born in Kentucky so I got them to come over to Watauga County, North Carolina, and born me. And it was a good move indeed, because if you look through the Frank Brown Collection you will find that this county was the center of some of the finest folklore known. We owe a great deal to these pioneers who generation after generation have passed these interesting stories and songs on down to our present day. We also owe it to these scholars who have discovered their value and who make it possible for us to preserve them.

Now, folklore as I know it is divided into certain fields.



First, you have your words, words that we no longer use, beautiful words. We were going one evening to give a program and saw a fellow leaning up against a fence sharpening his hoe. We were to have an evening meal with a man by the name of Millsap. I said, "Can you tell me where Mr. Millsap lives?" And he said, "Yeah. You keep this here road till you go on down to Highway 62. Turn square to the right on Highway 62, and directly you'll come to a dirt road that runs sigodling with 62. He lives in the first house on that sigodling road." I said, "Thank you, thank you." We started on. My wife said, "What's he talking about?" and I said, "Why, he's talking my language now!"

We were hoeing corn one Monday morning. Bob said, "I know Charlie's in love with Martha now," and I said, "Why?" He said, "Last night after prayer meeting, in the moonlight, I saw him sigodle up to her and take her home." Well, I'm sorry for any woman that hasn't had a fellow sigodle up to her in the moonlight. I've been asked many times what sigodle means. Well, it just means *sigodle*!

The word *fernant*. Any of you ever heard of the word *fernant*? Well, I wouldn't expect that you'd know it. Fellows in the University wouldn't. You have to go in the country to know something about that. *Fernant*. The horse is *fernant* the fence—beyond the fence. *Fernant*—a beautiful word. I could stand here at great length and discuss those interesting words.

Then we have the ballad and the folk song. Now, you are not going to agree with my interpretation, but that is not important. The ballad is a story that you sing. It is not a ballad unless you sing it. It is not a ballad unless it tells a story. The ballad singer is no part of the ballad. He's talking about someone else.

Black Jack Davy come a-riding through the woods,  
Singing so loud and merry  
That the green hills all around him rang,  
And he charmed the heart of a lady.

He's talking about and singing about Black Jack Davy.

Dr. C. Alphonso Smith told me his favorite ballad was "The House Carpenter":

"Well met, well met, my old true love.  
Well met, well met," he cried.  
"I'm just returning from the salt, salt sea,  
And it's all for the love of thee.

"Oh, I could have married a king's daughter, dear,  
And she would have married me,  
But I refused a crown of gold,  
And it's all for the love of thee."

"If you could have married a king's daughter, dear,  
I think you are to blame,  
For I've lately been married to a house carpenter,  
And I think he's a fine young man."

And on and on. A beautiful story. We do not know the origin or age of many of these ballads. *Barbara Allen*, perhaps the best known ballad, we know was sung on the night of January the second, 1666. Wordsworth said one of the happiest memories of his childhood was in the eveningtime when a milkmaid, who could neither read nor write, would come across the way, driving home the kine and singing, "My bonny Barbara Allen."

The folk song is different from the ballad. In the folk song you're telling your own experience. It's a part of you:

I'se got a gal on the Sourwood Mountain.  
She's so good and kind,  
She's broke the heart of many a poor fellow,  
But she ain't broke this'n of mine.

That's the fiddle tune to which we used to dance the old Virginia reel. That was before the Baptists stopped dancing, of course. The folk song is personal.

My name is Sanford Barney, I came from Little Rock town.  
I've traveled this wide world over, I've traveled this wide world round.  
I've had many ups and downs, through life's better days I've saw,  
But I never knew what misery was till I came to Arkansas.

Now, I've promised to try to sing a few of these ballads and folk songs. May I say this: the real ballad singer doesn't have a trained voice. He doesn't sing for entertainment. He's absorbed in the story. He's perfectly oblivious to the group about him. We gave a program at the Cecil Sharp House in London. Some of the professors from Oxford were there that evening, and they came up and said, "Greer, we thank you. You've preserved the English ballad truer to its original form in the rural areas of America than we have in England." And they said, "Be careful about this: don't jazz them, don't commercialize them, and sing them as you've been singing them, without any accompaniment. The way to interpret the ballad is to sing it without any accompaniment, because you're inter-



ested in the story." And so the ballad singer would sing without any accompaniment whatever.

I suggested that you can express any feeling that you may have by singing these old ballads. Hattie and I married a little more than two years ago. After our companions had died, we met and she thought it was pretty lonely living alone, and she suggested that we get together. Well, I thought about it a good while, and finally agreed! And so I'd been wondering just how the thing was going. I was ill at ease about it. I was afraid to ask her what she thought about this second round, but I found out one evening, I think. She was in the kitchen, washing and drying the dishes, where I should have been. I heard her singing. I wish I could put the pathos in it that she put in it. But she could sing it as I can never sing it. I wish you could have heard her as she went about the kitchen singing:

When I was single I went dressed all so fine.

Now I am married I go ragged all the time.

Oh, I wish I was a single gal again.

When I was single my new shoes would skreek.

Now I am married, and oh my shoes do leak.

Oh, I wish I was a single gal again.

Two little children, crying for bread.

Nothing to eat, and almost wish I was dead.

Oh, I wish I was a single gal again.

One crying, "Mammy, I want a piece of bread."

The other crying, "Mammy, I want to go to bed."

Oh, I wish I was a single gal again.

Wash their little hands and start them to school,

'Long comes their daddy and calls me a fool.

Oh, I wish I was a single gal again.

The dishes to wash, the springs to go to.

When you are married, you have it all to do.

Oh, I wish I was a single gal again.

It's hard to be married and not have enough of bread,

But I'd rather marry the devil than never to be wed.

Oh, I'm glad I'm not a single gal again.

Did you ever hear that in the communities where you grew up? Well, you have to grow up on a steep mountain farm to get some real information. You remember Lloyd George's daughter was very brilliant. She lived on the old farm where she grew up as a child. She was out campaigning for her father one night, and they kept interrupting her. And finally a fellow

from the rear yelled out, "You say you're a-living on a farm?" and she said, "Yes." He said, "How many ribs does a hog have?" and she said, "I don't know; come up here and I'll count 'em and see!" So you have to live on a farm to get the real taste of a ballad or a folk song.

Now I don't know whether you want some of these latter ones or whether you would like to have some of the English ballads. May I sing for you one we loved always as children, perhaps more than any other: "The Old Arm Chair."

My grandmother she, at the age of eighty-three,  
One day in May was taken ill and died,  
And after she was dead, the will of course was read  
By the lawyer as we all stood side by side.

To my brother, it was found, she had left a hundred pound.  
The same unto my sister, I declare.  
But when it came to me, the lawyer said, "I see  
She has left to you her old arm chair."

Well, how they tittered and how they chaffed,  
And how my brother and my sister laughed,  
When they heard the lawyer declare,  
"Granny has left to you her old arm chair."

Well, I didn't think it fair, still I said I didn't care,  
And in the evening took the chair away.  
My brother at me laughed, my sister at me chaffed,  
And said, "It will be useful, John, someday."

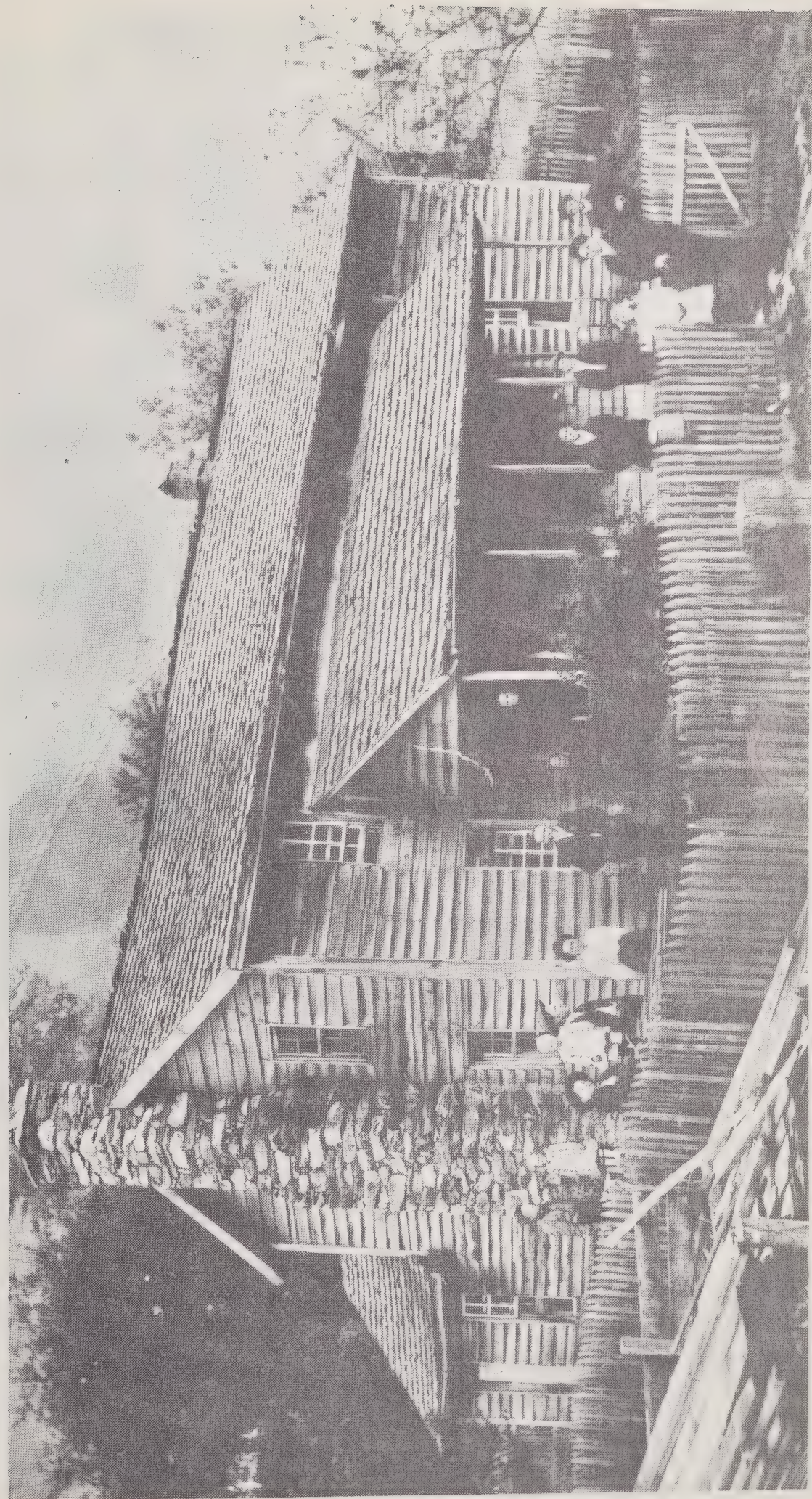
"When you settle down in life, take some girl to be your wife,  
You'll find it very handy, I declare.  
On a cold and frosty night, when the fire is shining bright,  
You'll be seated in your old arm chair."

What my brother said was true, for in a year or two  
Strange to say, I'd settled down in a married life.  
I first the girl did court, and then the ring I bought,  
Took her to the church and then she was my wife.

That little girl and me were as happy as could be,  
And when the work was over, I declare,  
I never sought to roam, but I always stayed at home,  
And be seated in my old arm chair.

One night the chair fell down. When I picked it up I found  
The seat had fallen out upon the floor,  
And there to my surprise, I saw before my eyes  
A lot of notes, a thousand pounds or more.





*The birthplace of Isaac G. Greer on Still House Branch, Watauga County, North Carolina*







When my brother heard of this, the fellow, I confess,  
Went nearly mad with rage and tore his hair.  
But I just laughed at him and said unto him, "Jim,  
Don't you wish you had the old arm chair?"

I've been asked how many of these I know. Well, I'm not going to sing them all. I think there's about twenty-two I can sing from memory, and I'll not sing more than two thirds of them this evening! "The Golden Willow Tree" is perhaps one of the finest of all English ballads. I was to speak in Seattle on one occasion at a welfare conference. When I got there, I found a note from a chaplain. Part of the fleet was there, waiting for President Roosevelt to come two days later. I didn't remember the fellow's name, but the next day he called up and said, "I notice you're to speak here. I'd like for you to come over and see my ship. You helped me to get in the Navy at one time. I tried to preach and couldn't, and now I'm chaplain on this battleship in the Navy." I said, "Willie and the boys are with me." He said, "That's fine, come ahead." We spent the afternoon looking over that great battleship, and while we were sitting around after the evening meal, he said, "Ike, I'm taking advantage of you. I had the old piano tuned today, and we've invited in a lot of the other sailor boys. I want you to sing some ballads and folk songs." So they stood me up on a table, and I sang, I suppose, more than an hour. After the program the Captain came and said, "The Admiral wants to see you in his apartment." I said, "I don't know whether I could fit in or not," and he said, "Yes. He wants to see you." So we went. The Admiral said, "Greer, I was on deck a while ago. I found my emotions deeply stirred." I said, "I didn't know an admiral had emotions." He said, "Yes, he does. I grew up in the hills of Kentucky, forty miles from the railroad. This evening for the first time in forty years I've heard the ballads and folk songs my father and mother used to sing, and the neighbors, what we had. And strange to say, you sang the ballad that lured me to the sea. I never heard them sing "Cruel Ship Captain" or "Golden Willow Tree" but that I wasn't determined that some time I'd try to get even with the Cruel Ship Captain." We stayed until two o'clock in the morning. One of the most interesting men I've ever known.

I noticed yesterday that my friend Gaines was buried. He said that while he was a student at the seminary in Louisville, he went away up into the mountains to preach one Sunday morning. A Navy man came in leading a palsied old gentleman.

Everybody stood when they came in. He said the story was this: the boy walked forty miles down to a little community to go to school, and this man became interested in him and made it possible for him to go to high school and college. He said, "This was Admiral Blakely," and I said, "Yes, that's his name." So in deference to Admiral Blakely and to old Aunt Martha who used to sing this as no one else could, I'll sing for you "Golden Willow Tree" or "Cruel Ship Captain":

There was a little ship in South Afrikee  
That went by the name of the Golden Willow Tree  
As it sailed on the lowland lonesome low,  
As it sailed on the salt water sea.

It hadn't been a-sailing more'n a week or two  
Till it came in sight of the Turkish Revalou,  
As she sailed on the lowland lonesome low  
As she sailed on the salt water sea.

The captain cried, "Oh, what shall we do?  
For yonder comes the Turkish Revalou  
As it sailed on the lowland lonesome low,  
As it sailed on the salt water sea.

Up stepped a young man and said, "What'll you give me,  
If I will sink her in the bottom of the sea?  
As she sails on the lowland lonesome low,  
As she sails on the salt water sea."

"Oh, I have a house and I have land,  
I have an only daughter you may have at your command,  
If you will sink her in the bottom of the sea,  
As she sails on the salt water sea."

He bared his breast and out swam he,  
And came by the side of the Turkish Revalou,  
As she sailed on the lowland lonesome low,  
As she sailed on the salt water sea.

He had a little instrument a purpose for the use.  
He cut nine gashes in the salt water juice,  
As it sank in the lowland lonesome low,  
As it sank in the salt water sea.

Oh, some with their hats and some with their caps,  
Trying to stop the salt water gaps,  
As it sank in the lowland lonesome low,  
As it sank to the bottom of the sea.

He bared his breast and back swam he,  
And came by the side of the Golden Willow Tree,  
As it sailed on the lowland lonesome low,  
As it sailed on the salt water sea.



"O Captain, will you be as good as your word,  
And will you take me back on board,  
As you sail on the lowland lonesome low,  
As you sail on the salt water sea?"

"I will neither be as good as my word,  
Nor will I take you back on board,  
As we sail on the lowland lonesome low,

As we sail on the salt water sea."

"If 'twere not for the men that you have with you,  
I'd treat your ship like the Turkish Revalou,  
As you sail on the lowland lonesome low,  
As you sail on the salt water sea."

He bowed his head and down sank he,  
And bid farewell to the Golden Willow Tree,  
As he sank in the lowland lonesome low,  
As he sank to the bottom of the sea.

Dr. Smith told me when I was here in school that to him this was one of the greatest of all ballads. When I came here to school Dr. Smith was head of the English Department. I received a note from him asking me to come to his office. I wondered, "What in the world!" He said, "A friend of yours tells me you sing ballads and folk songs." I said, "He's not my friend." He said, "I'm trying to lead a group of seniors to appreciate the most beautiful literature and music known to the English tongue. I wish you'd come tomorrow and sing some ballads for us." "What time?" "Ten o'clock." I said, "I have a class at that time." He said, "What is it?" I said "English." "Who's your teacher?" I said, "Hatcher Hughes." "Well," he said, "Hatcher's under me, so I'll take care of that." So I went in and sang the whole period. They didn't want to recite! Then he said, "The day is coming when the ballad and folk song will be taught as literature and music wherever the English tongue is known. Go back to the hills, Greer, and collect every ballad and folk song you can find, because the day is coming when it will be appreciated." And so we are now coming into that period. We are just beginning in that interesting field. An old preacher at home asked a farmer, "Don't you think the end of time's just about here?" He said, "No. We're just in the rooster-crowing, morning-star period. We've got a long time to live yet." Well, we're just in the rooster-crowing period so far as this folklore is concerned in North Carolina.

One of our ballads in this state has become famous lately. When I was a boy I never dreamed it would become famous.

It's "Tom Dula." Tom Dula, as you'll remember, lived up in Wilkes County. Two girls, cousins, were interested in him—Laura Foster and Anne Melton. Tom entered the service and was under Zeb Vance during the war. While he was gone Anne married, and when he came back she had two children. But she renewed her interest in Tom, and also Laura continued her interest in him. They became jealous of Laura, and as you know from the story, Laura was killed. When the grave was finally uncovered, they found Anne's handkerchief in the grave. They used that as evidence against her, and they were both indicted. Vance had the case moved to Statesville instead of Wilkesboro and tried there. Tom was tried the second time and found guilty the second time and was hanged. One of the most lovely girls I ever had in my class in Appalachian came from that community. I said to her one day, "I wish you'd sing for me your version of 'Tom Dula.'" She said, "No, I don't like it. I just don't like 'Tom Dula.'" I said, "Why?" She said, "I just don't like to sing it." Then she said, "If you'll never use my name, I'll tell you. Anne Melton was my grandmother." I've always been loyal to my promise that I'd not use her name. She is a lovely person, one of the best friends I have.

"Tom Dula." I learned this from the old soldier that was in the service with him. You've heard them singing it, but it's a little different from the version the old soldier sang, and the one that I knew as a boy. I believe I'll interpret it for you since it's a North Carolina version. "Tom Dula."

Oh, hang your head, Tom Dula.  
Oh, hang your head and cry.  
You killed poor Laura Foster,  
And now you're bound to die.

You met her on the hilltop,  
Oh, there to be your wife.  
You met her on the hilltop,  
And stabbed her with your knife.  
Oh, hang your head, Tom Dula, etc.

You met her on the hilltop,  
As everybody knows.  
You met her on the hilltop,  
And there you hid her clothes.  
Oh, hang your head, Tom Dula, etc.





From the North Carolina Collection, Wilson Library

*A scene in ballad country—Watauga County, North Carolina*





*Isaac G. Greer with Wilton Mason, Jan P. Schinban and Daniel Patterson at the Friends' meeting, April 22, 1966*



It's this night, and one more  
Oh, then where would you be?  
If it hadn't been for Greyson,  
You'd have been in Tennessee.  
Oh, hang your head, Tom Dula, etc.

It's this night and one more,  
Oh, then where will you be?  
Down yonder by the jailhouse,  
Hanging on a sycamore tree.  
Oh, hang your head, Tom Dula, etc.

The jury found him guilty,  
The judges said 'twas so,  
Because we'll never see  
Poor Laura anymore.  
Oh, hang your head, Tom Dula, etc.

I must not keep you too long.

Mose and Eph were interested in Sally. Mose won out. They lived together a good while. Mose took sick. They sent for the doctor. The doctor examined him and said, "Mose is dead." They laid him out and was making great preparations for the funeral. Eph heard about it and went over to sympathize with Sally. Standing by Mose's body he said, "Sally, you know I loved you before Mose ever loved you. All the time you and Mose been struggling along, I've been pretty prosperous. Got a nice little house painted white, a comfortable bed, a cow and everything. I don't want to take advantage of you just now, but when your days for mourning for Mose is over, I want to come over and talk to you just a little." About that time he laid his hand on Mose, says, "Wait a minute. Mose's body's warm. He ain't dead yet!" Sally says, "Brother Ephraim, I heard what you said, and dead or alive, hot or cold, that body's going out of here on schedule time." And so must we go out on schedule time.

Just one more: "Old Smoky." I learned this from an old man who lived at the foot of the Smoky Mountains. It's a little different. Those who sing it now have added the tune of "Little Mohea." May I sing it as the old people sang it when I was a boy:

On top of Old Smoky  
All covered with snow  
I lost my true lover  
By courting too slow.

Courting is a pleasure,  
Parting is grief,  
But hard-hearted parents  
Are worse than a thief.

Your parents are against me,  
And mine are against you.  
But Nancy, I love you,  
Whatever they do.

I'm going now to leave you,  
To tell you good-bye,  
And leave you a-weeping  
On Smoky so high.

It's a-raining, it's a-hailing.  
The moon gives no light.  
Your horse can't see to travel  
This dark, lonesome night.

Go put up your horse now,  
And feed him some hay.  
Come sit down beside me,  
As long as you stay.

My horse he is hungry,  
But he won't eat your hay.  
Your daddy's so stingy,  
I'll feed on my way.

Old Smoky, Old Smoky,  
Keep watch o'er my love.  
She's as true as these mountains,  
And as pure as the dove.



# Chairman's Report

## at

### The Annual Meeting

The friends of the Library held their annual meeting at the Carolina Inn on Friday, April 22, 1966. The dinner session was highlighted by Mr. I. G. Greer's talk and folk song presentation, a transcription of which appears on the preceeding pages together with the introductory remarks by Professors Wilton E. Mason and Daniel W. Patterson.

In the course of this session the Chairman, Mr. Frank Borden Hanes, addressed the following words to the assembly:

The Friends have been preoccupied for some time with the Special Collections Library as a primary project and goal. As you know, we have had some success in raising money for this purpose. However, we must still remain dependent on the Legislature for sufficient allocation to qualify for Federal Assistance (a term widely substituted for Taxpayer's Dun). We may meet with some delay before what we envision as one of the campus' crown jewels will be placed in its proper setting. And so we must be patient. And we must continue to work for our own salvation and to bring our contributions for this project up to a realistic figure well over \$400,000.

Since we are still short of this exalted sum we have thought that perhaps a special project for the Friends of the Library to undertake might be that of providing an alcove within the proposed building, to be designated appropriately as having been contributed by our own organization. It is estimated that such an alcove would probably cost around \$30,000. So don't let us down if a special committee is eventually appointed and asks you to assist us in the cause. As we see it, we would indeed serve a "useful purpose" through such a contribution, and we would need much help in attaining our wherewithal. . . . All the help we can get from all of you.

## Report of the Secretary

This has been a good year for our Library. We have had some sad days, but more joyous ones, and the largest measure of satisfying work we have ever known.

Some of our sad days derive from the loss of tried and true Friends. A distinguished Chairman of former days, Professor Berthold L. Ullman is now gone. A distinguished Trustee of the University and Curator of Numismatics for the Library, Claude Rankin, passed on a few months ago. We have also lost Mr. William Rand Kenan, Jr., and Mr. J. B. Yokley, both staunch supporters of the Library's work. And finally, one most notable for her extensive work with the Friends of the Library in its early years, Mrs. B. B. Lane.

There are some not with us for reasons less serious who have sent their regrets and good wishes. Among these are Governor Dan Moore, Dr. Frank Graham, Luther Hodges, Dr. Joseph E. Pogue, Victor S. Bryant, Mrs. Jim Boyd, and Fred Wolfe.

Our membership now numbers three hundred and eighty—a modest number but a very select group. We have never sought large numbers, for numbers alone cannot make good Friends. We have sought and continue to seek other Friends of the Library like yourselves, devoted to the ideal of helping to create, at Chapel Hill, one of the truly great libraries of our country.

On the state of the Library, you will soon be fully informed by our Annual Report, which usually reaches you early in the summer. Let me anticipate it just a bit to report that we are rapidly approaching the mark of 100,000 added volumes per year, and we have in our sights the bright possibility of a million dollar book budget. These are both exciting and troubled times. Exciting for the wonderful goals which now are within our reach; troubled by all of the fretful problems of size and the restlessness of our time. However, I would not have it otherwise, for it is in these conditions that we find the glory of good work and the contributions of a great staff to achieve it. We find ever more good Friends, because it is in adversity especially that good Friends are found.

Thus it is that your Secretary once more stands before you to repeat his great appreciation to all of you for your continuing dedication to our purposes and for the opportunity which this day presents.

JERROLD ORNE, *Secretary*



# Report of the Nominating Committee

The Nominating Committee of the Friends of the Library submits the following slate of officers for the year 1966-1967:

- FRANK BORDEN HANES, *Chairman*
- ROLAND McCLAMROCH, *Vice-Chairman* for a three-year period, replacing Joseph E. Pogue whose term expires this month
- JERROLD ORNE, *Secretary*
- J. A. BRANCH, *Treasurer*
- JAMES G. HANES, *Honorary Chairman*
- MRS. LYMAN A. COTTEN, *Honorary Secretary*

The Committee is pleased to nominate for Life Membership Miss Mittie Wiley of Winston-Salem for her generous donations over a period of years from the books and manuscripts of her father, Calvin Henderson Wiley, who was the State of North Carolina's first Superintendent of Public Instruction, before the Civil War.

ALFRED G. ENGSTROM, *Chairman*  
WILLIAM S. POWELL  
CORYDON P. SPRUILL

## Treasurer's Report

Cash Balance April 13, 1965 .....	\$4,398.45
Receipts:	
Donations by members .....	\$3,686.75
	<hr/>
	\$8,085.20
Expenditures	
Book Mark .....	\$ 417.44
Printing .....	\$ 10.47
Library Books .....	\$ 184.19
Annual Dinner .....	\$ 629.68
	<hr/>
	\$1,241.78
Cash Balance April 13, 1966 .....	\$1,241.78
	<hr/>
	\$6,843.42

SELECTED LIST OF A FEW OF THE MORE  
REPRESENTATIVE GIFTS RECEIVED FROM  
FRIENDS OF THE LIBRARY SINCE MAY 1965

Among the recent acquisitions at the Wilson Library is a collection of North Carolina folklore materials which were given by Professor Arthur Palmer Hudson upon his retirement from the department of English. Among the unusual items in the collection is a taped interview in which Robert Frost discusses folklore he heard as a young man on a walking trip through the State. Professor Hudson's gift has stimulated the destruction of their collections. The Archive of Folklore and Music, of which his materials form the nuclear collection. Professor Wilton Mason, as Director, and Professor Daniel W. Patterson are currently seeking donations from the other folklorists in the State in the effort to prevent the scattering or destruction of their collections. The Archive of Folklore and Music is presently housed in the North Carolina Room.

Mrs. Lyman A. Cotten has presented to the Library in memory of her sister, Miss Mary Ferrand Henderson, who died in July 1965, the following work: *Encyclopaedia* or, *A Dictionary of the Arts, Sciences, and Miscellaneous Literature* . . . The first American edition, in eighteen volumes, illustrated with five hundred and forty-two copperplates. (Philadelphia, Printed by Thomas Dobson, 1798.) There are also three supplementary volumes printed at Philadelphia in 1803. This is the first American printing of the monumental third edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. It is bound in old calf and is in excellent condition. This copy is of particular interest to us since it was owned by General John Steele, (1764-1815) a North Carolinian who was Comptroller of the Treasury under Presidents Washington, Adams, and Jefferson. General Steele was the great-great-grandfather of Miss Mary Ferrand Henderson, in whose family the encyclopedia has remained since its purchase in 1798. Additional papers from the John Steele Henderson family of North Carolina were received from Mrs. Lyman A. Cotten and Mrs. Archibald Henderson.

From Mrs. Frank Borden Hanes the University Library has received an interesting collection of materials by and about H. L. Mencken. The gift is composed of forty-two books and



pamphlets and periodicals concerning Mencken and his books, and a few letters. The collection had belonged to Dr. and Mrs. Fred Hanes who were close friends of H. L. Mencken. Almost all of the books and pamphlets are first editions and are entertainingly inscribed by Mencken to Dr. and Mrs. Hanes. The volume, *Menckeniana: A Schimpflexicon* (New York, 1928) contains the characteristic inscription: "Elizabeth Hanes: Here is the old scoundrel to the life!" Laid in this book is a delightful letter from Mencken to Dr. Fred Hanes.

A significant addition to the papers of Calvin Henderson Wiley (1819-1887), State Superintendent of Common Schools in North Carolina from 1853 to 1865, author, Presbyterian minister, and educator, was received from Miss Mittie Wiley of Winston-Salem.

Correspondence files and other papers, chiefly for the years 1961 and 1962, were received from Jonathan Daniels, author and editor, of Raleigh, North Carolina, to be added to the Daniels papers previously received.

Mrs. R. E. Johnston presented to the Southern Historical Collection the correspondence and other papers of the Reverend John Hamilton Cornish (1815-1878), and his son the Reverend Joseph Jenkins Cornish (1855-1934), and other members of the Cornish family in South Carolina.

Additional business, political, and family papers of Archibald Hunter Arrington (1809-1872) of Nash County, North Carolina, were received from Mrs. James C. Marrow.





## FRIENDS OF THE LIBRARY

*Any interested person may become a member of the Friends of the Library. Student members pay \$2.00 annually; contributing members \$5.00 annually; associate members \$10.00 annually; sustaining members \$25.00 annually; patron members \$100 annually. Life members give \$1000 in money or material of unusual value.*

FRIENDS  
OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA  
LIBRARY

OFFICERS 1965-1966

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MRS. LYMAN A. COTTEN ..... *Honorary Secretary*

JERROLD ORNE ..... *Secretary*

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*Executive Committee:* F. B. Hanes, D. MacMillan, Jerrold Orne

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The BOOKMARK is issued periodically by the University of  
North Carolina Library for its Friends.

Editor: HARRY BERGHOLZ

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